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The Week

THERE will be little regret, in any quarter, when the present Congress goes out of existence on March 4th. Starting on its career with a majority that apparently endowed it with full powers, it promptly fell into a factionalism that deprived it of all chance of significant achievement. There is no single piece of legislation enacted by this Congress which the historians of the future will need to comment on at length. The rise of western progressivism in Congress is the one notable fact of the last two years. Thanks to the energy of this movement, injurious legislation was kept at a minimum, and progress was made toward laying a foundation for constructive legislation at a later time. Since the elections of last fall the progressive check on bad legislation has been especially effective—a point of importance in the development of our unwritten rules of government. Never before in our history has so much emphasis been placed upon the impropriety of passing, by the votes of defeated Congressmen, measures that could not be passed in the Congress elect. The wide popular acceptance of this view may mark the beginning of a movement for bringing the spirit of the law makers nearer to the will of the people.

TRANSPORTATION lies at the root of the coal crisis. If we had sufficient cars and locomotives in good repair, every community would have had the coal it needed. And we should hear less of food supplies destroyed for want of a market, of industry on short time for want of materials. American economic life is premised upon efficient and smoothly working transportation. And the premise is badly flawed. It might be supposed that, recognizing these facts as it must, the national administration would address itself seriously to the transportation problem. It might at least give us an investigating commission. But no. Some consideration was indeed given to a plan for an inquiry into the practicability of pooling rolling stock. But the administration wanted the inquiry to go just so far and no farther. As there appeared to be forces working for a broader inquiry the administration has decided to do nothing at all. Nine months will elapse before the new Congress meets. In the meantime we may perhaps become forgetful of the risk of other transportation crises more serious than the present one.

AN embargo on shipments of coal to Canada would certainly not relieve the fuel shortage in New York and New England in proportion to the hardships it inflicted on the Canadian consumer. We can dig coal enough for ourselves and the Canadians too. The problem is one of transportation, and shipments to Canada do not interfere very seriously with our domestic shipments. But if such interference could be demonstrated, should we be justified in accepting the principle that no Canadian needs, however urgent, should be considered so long as any of our own needs, however minor, remained unsatisfied? Such a principle would be entirely in accord with the nationalism that regards every foreign state as a potential enemy. But for over a century it has been our settled policy to treat Canada as a friend. Neither nation has a single fort or even a gun to defend any point in the three thousand mile frontier. It

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is immensely to the advantage of both sides that this amicable relation should remain undisturbed. Therefore we cannot afford to set a precedent of ruthless national selfishness in our handling of the necessaries of life. On the contrary, as a practical as well as a humane people, we ought to try to distinguish ourselves by our scrupulous regard for the needs of other peoples. We can judge by our own feelings when the nationalistic principle is applied against us that this is not the way to foster international goodwill.

THE course which the British Labor party and Liberals wish the government to adopt as the best way of doing something about the Ruhr invasion is manifestly not an effective policy but only a pretended substitute for it. They wish the League of Nations summoned to deal with the problem of reparations and to settle the controversy between France and Germany. But obviously the present French government will not accept the arbitration of any third party about the default in reparation payments which provides it with the pretext for its armed occupation of German territory. It must go through for a while at any rate with what it has begun. The League of Nations has no sufficient power and prestige either to stop France from carrying on a war to provoke more war or to serve as an efficient mediator. If a way is found out of the apparently hopeless European entanglement, it will not be discovered by an agency like the League of Nations whose power of decision and action is impaired by so many practical and legal handicaps. The League would do better for the present at least to remain on the side lines. Europe is now going through a convulsion which when it is over may remove the obstacles which have prevented the League from functioning as an agency of peace and goodwill. The League will, we hope, benefit from the convulsion, but the convulsion itself will require more heroic treatment than the League is capable of supplying.

WHAT should that treatment be? Many answers are proposed to this question but none so drastic as that suggested by Mr. Norman Angell in a recent issue of the New Leader, the organ of the Independent Labor party in Great Britain. He advises that party to insist on the following measures: "Immediate revision of the Treaty, cessation of all cooperation with France; the denunciation of all measures which lame and embarrass Germany or Russia; complete and immediate peace with Russia; tripartite economic agreements among England, Russia and Germany; the organization by treaty, as far as may be, of free trade in the area represented by those states; facilitation of loans or credits to both; in fact a social, political and economic political alliance." He adds that "a month ago a suggestion of this kind would have looked fantastic on account of the state of feeling of the British public. But if that feeling changes as much in the next month or two as it has done in the last, it will then seem on the sentimental side entirely natural." According to our own observation Mr. Angell overestimates the amount of change which has recently taken place in British public opinion. It will be a long time before any policy such as he proposes will become either sentimentally or politically possible, but if France continues her present course, the British government will in the end be forced to act about as Mr. Angell suggests. The British government which will do it will, however, have to be manned by the Labor party.

THE French loan to Poland of 100,000,000 francs to be applied chiefly to military equipment is meant as a warning to Germany that any attempt at active resistance would draw Polish as well as French armies deep into the heart of Germany. The French are not paying money out of their embarrassed treasury without a perfectly definite agreement for service in case of need. As for the Poles, although the majority must be sick of fighting, no government would dare to remain quiescent in case the French set out to dismember Germany. The chance of widening the Danzig corridor and of appropriating the rest of Silesia would be too great a temptation to resist. Such plans, to be sure, do not always work out. In supplying Poland with arms France cannot be wholly certain that she is not supplying the Germans, just as she supplied the Soviet government through Kolchak and Denikin. But the French are so used to taking risks that it would be strange if they hesitated to wager a hundred million francs on the military competence of the Poles.

RUSSIA wants peace, but if Poland attacks Germany it will be hard for Russia to keep out of the fray. Such is the view of the Soviet leaders, as reported by American correspondents who ought to be well informed. It is a natural view. Russia would regard the aggrandizement of Poland as a menace to her own safety, especially since Poland must always remain an ally of France, Russia's one absolutely irreconcilable enemy. We do not know where Russia would find resources to carry on a campaign against Poland, nor with what heart the Russian peasant soldier would enter upon a new war. But the communists are in a position to inaugurate a war, if they wish to do so. And there must be a powerful party among them who believe that a general French-German-Russian war would deal a mortal blow to Western European nationalism and capitalism.

MEMEL bears, superficially, the same relation to Lithuania as Danzig to Poland. It is a German city, in the sense that the dominant businesses are in German hands. Much business, how-

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ever, is handled by Jews, whom it is hazardous, in the unsettled conditions of the Baltic states, to ascribe to any particular nationality. The lower class inhabitants are Lithuanians, Jews, Germans, Russians and Poles, mixed in proportions variously determined according to the nationality of the ethnical cartographer. The trade on which Memel lives is partly that of the immediate hinterland, which is primarily Lithuanian, partly that of the Polish and Russian territories served by the river traffic of the Niemen. The Germans had hoped that Memel might be returned to them in time; the Poles had hoped that it might be held under the Allies until the development of Polish trade could create a second corridor to the Baltic. These hopes have been frustrated by the award of Memel to Lithuania by the Ambassadors' Council. What the Poles fear is that if the award stands, the development of Russian trade through Memel will lead to the eventual absorption of Lithuania by Russia. Lithuanian nationality has proved highly resistant to Russification as well as Polonization. It is not so certain that Lithuania would resist the subtler political influence of a Russian state which has abandoned the artificial Western policy of enforced national homogeneity. The Polish view is that the award of Memel to Lithuania is likely to prove in time an award in favor of Russia. It is pretty sure to do so if the Poles press the policy of Polonization too far in the territories of mixed nationality around Vilna and Kovno.

THE rise in the German mark is subject to various interpretations. What is to be accounted for is the purpose of the government in forcing the mark up, since its ability to do so was never doubted by any one who kept account of the fact that even at their present value all the marks outstanding could be bought up with the gold held in the Reichsbank. One explanation is that the government wished to improve the rate of exchange, in view of heavy coal purchases from England. But there have been numerous other occasions when improved exchange would have been useful to Germany, yet the government did not act. This leads us to infer that the primary motive is political. When a currency has fallen so low as that of Germany, fluctuations upward or downward offer no indication of the real strength of a government's financial position. But it is popularly supposed that they do. And the German government needs every bit of popular support it can command.

CAPTAIN PAXTON HIBBEN was prevented from addressing the Republican Club, not, it is intimated, because of his well known radical views, but because he has been charged with being a paid propagandist of King Constantine in the early part of the war. This charge, which has never been substantiated by any evidence, was set in circulation by the propagandists, paid and unpaid, of Venizelos and of the French and British governments at the time when Constantine was opposing the entry of Greece into the war. Constantine was probably quite sincere in his belief that the Greek people would gain nothing and suffer everything from mixing up in the war. Whether he was sincere or not, events have shown that he was right. Americans may be excused for having been so badly informed at the time as to think that nothing could be honestly said in defence of Constantine's position. All our avenues of information on the Levant were in Allied control. It is preposterous, however, to make a virtue of the ignorance once forced upon us and shy stones at one of the few Americans who did not share it.

POLITICAL recognition is one of the values that statesmen should not juggle with too freely if they desire to keep up its conventional value. Two years ago both the friends and foes of Mexico supposed the failure of the United States to recognize the Mexican government would result in the fall of Obregon. Mr. Hughes dispelled that superstition. The withholding of recognition from Russia by the Western powers seems not to have weakened the grip of the Soviet leaders. There are serious inconveniences in the commercial relations between countries that do not recognize each other. Nevertheless, a vast deal of business has been carried on by Americans in Mexico, and it is by no means of a fly-by-night character. Little by little Americans are picking up business in Russia. If no more is done, it is chiefly because Russian production is still feeble. If this sort of things goes on much longer, the club of non-recognition will lose all its terrors.

SECRETARY FALL, whose departure from the Interior, long overdue, we are far from regretting, before retiring made a speech full of injured innocence. "I feel entitled to classify myself with the martyrs," he told his audience. But he also felt inclined to take his expulsion—for such he seems to have considered his resignation—philosophically. "Your public man," he said, " is likely to be appreciated just about as much as he deserves." Speaking for ourselves, this is a sentiment with which in this case we fully agree. And we have, like Mr. Fall, "considerable confidence in the rough justice of public verdicts on public servants." The verdict did not come soon enough, but we are glad that Mr. Fall has some inkling that it was a verdict, and that he faces a public which feels, about him, everything from the "exacting criticism" of which he complains all the way up to the certainty that he is one of the worst Secretaries of the Interior we have ever had.

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Doing Justice to France

DURING the past few weeks the New Republic has received many letters which criticize it with more or less emphasis for doing what the writers call injustice to France. The majority of these letters do not try to excuse the policy of the Poincaré government. In fact some of them expressly disapprove of the Ruhr invasion. But they criticize the New Republic for failing to allow sufficiently for the wounds and grievances of France. The Germans, they say, stabbed her until the blade almost reached a vital spot. She bled for years. She almost died. She managed through the indomitable persistence of her national vitality to pull through and even to emerge victorious, but the wound is still raw and the memory of her dire peril is still haunting the French mind. Her friends and associates in the war, even if they disapprove of what she is doing, should recognize that she is not entirely responsible and should treat her with meticulous consideration. They should yield to her whenever possible, and if they have to differ, they should say nothing which is likely to wound French susceptibilities. Her behavior is the natural result of her sufferings and grievances. Opposition makes her more headstrong. It is the business of her friends to keep the highway to her goodwill open and gradually to persuade her to adopt less drastic measures of righting her wrongs.

People who argue in this way overlook one crucial consideration. The actions of the French government have deprived their proposed way of dealing with France of any reality. By starting to execute a policy towards Germany which suspends the future tranquility and recovery of Europe upon the recognition of French military and political preponderance on the Continent, the French government has forced the people of other countries to take sides either for or against France. A suppressed disapproval of the behavior of France, combined with explicit expressions of friendship and sympathy, is from the French point of view almost as serviceable as active partnership in the execution of the French policy. For it means that the execution of the policy will continue in an atmosphere of public benevolence until it has accomplished its purpose—which is the permanent subjugation of Germany to France and, as a necessary consequence, French hegemony in Europe. If France is encouraged to carry through this policy by the refusal of those of her friends who are also the friends of European pacification explicitly and uncompromisingly to oppose it, then the moral body of modern civilization will have received a wound which is as threatening to the survival of the victim as the wound dealt by Germany to France. They will have allowed the injuries of France to have silenced their opposition to the infliction by France of an even worse injury upon the welfare of Europe—an injury which, if it is ever paid for in kind, will cost the French people an amount of suffering far in excess of that for which they are now exacting vengeance.

It is the very reality of the French grievance which helps to make the present method of obtaining satisfaction so dangerous and disastrous. The French were fully justified in insisting that, if the kind of attack which the German Empire launched against France in 1914 were in the future morally and legally permissible, civilization in Europe in its interdependent cooperative modern expression would come to an end. They were quite right, too, in asserting that, if the French people were not compensated for that portion of their loss as a consequence of the German attack which was capable of being repaired, it would deal an irreparable wound to the future moral self-possession of Europe. But they have unfortunately converted their own justifiable demand for security and indemnification into a pretext for doing to Germany just what they most resented Germany's doing to them. The means which the French have insisted on using to obtain security for themselves have destroyed the security of the rest of Europe and particularly of Germany. The means which they have taken to exact from the Germans the reparation of devastated France have deprived the German nation either of the ability or the motive to meet the bill. The French themselves have prevented their friends and enemy in the war from healing the wound which civilization itself suffered from the invasion and the mutilation of France. Yet because the wound is not healed, they are acting as if in order to obtain satisfaction they were justified in doing any amount of injury to Germany and the rest of the world.

France insists on having it two ways, in spite of the fact that she herself is rendering them incompatible. She demands as a matter of right both absolute security and complete reparation, but the method which she has adopted to obtain security makes it impossible for the Germans to pay reparations and the method which she has adopted to collect reparations is destroying any hope of future security in Europe for all peoples. The plain intolerable fact is that, although the present French government is invading Germany and ruining her power of economic production as a means of collecting reparations, the French themselves are not willing to let Germany pay to the extent of her ability. If any other testimony is necessary beyond the words and conduct of the French politicians, the testimony of Mr. Bonar Law should be sufficient. He stated in his recent explanation of the January negotiations in Paris: "We proposed the sum of £2,500,000,000, but it seemed to our French allies that it might be possible that the Germans in the course of fifteen or twenty years could pay that sum and then be in as

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strong a position as before the war." In short the French did not wish to collect the money for reparations, provided it came from an economically restored Germany. Yet they were using their failure to collect reparations as a pretext for invading German territory, seizing German property, undermining German productive capacity, and violating German national self-respect. They propose, that is, to collect their reparations in the form of the permanent subjugation, humiliation and suffering of the German people.

If such is the object as well as the effect of their present policy, it is supremely important to have its nature exposed and characterized in the uncompromising language which the New Republic has recently employed. There is no other way of provoking American public opinion into facing the facts and of building up the kind of opposition which alone may be sufficient to frustrate the French design. A large part of both British and American opinion is still determined by the antipathies and the friendships of the war. It is disposed to believe that whatever the French do must be right and whatever the Germans do wrong. No doubt it would revoke its sympathy and approval of France, if the French declared in so many words their intention of subjugating Germany and dominating Europe, but it remains loyal to France so long as it can interpret her conduct as a vigorous effort to collect a just debt. In the end it will wake up and realize the way in which France is using her just claim for reparations as a weapon with which to subjugate and dismember Germany. But any such illumination is still remote. The only way to hasten its coming is for those who understand the really maleficent object and tendency of her policy to say so frankly, repeatedly and vigorously.

A sympathy for the grievance of France, which prevents the sympathizer from describing in public the present policy of that country as both disastrous and iniquitous, converts him into an accomplice of the French militarist nationalists. The latter are counting on the lingering friendships and antipathies of the war to afford them the protection and the disguise which they need in order to obtain for France the position in Europe which Louis XIV and Napoleon I fought to conquer. The French themselves have deprived their wounds and grievances of the eloquence which wrongs of this kind naturally and properly exercise over the minds of disinterested and humane people. They are using those wounds and grievances as a sufficient excuse for inflicting what may in the end become still more pernicious wounds and grievances on their supposed enemies. They have never indicated an honest belief in any method of preventing a repetition of the catastrophe of 1914 except that of putting Germany, as by hypothesis the exclusive perpetrator of that catastrophe, permanently out of business. They have tied so tight a knot between their grievances and the subjugation and ruin of Germany that there is no reality in emphasizing the injury done to France unless one intends to approve the injury doing to Germany.

It is a sheer illusion to believe that foreigners who say nothing to offend French susceptibilities thereby obtain any effective influence over French conduct. The present rulers of France will not listen to a candid friend any more than to a candid foe. They will listen only to the kind of friends who are willing to act as their accomplices. It is of no importance in this respect whether the attitude of intolerant national egotism which they have assumed is essentially an hysterical condition born of the unendurable threat which overhung their national consciousness during the war or whether it is a revival, brought about by the present military preponderance of the France which twice before tried to dismember Germany in order to dominate Europe. It is just as necessary to speak frankly in the first case as in the second. Every neurologist knows how fatal it is merely to encourage a conviction of grievance or a delusion of grandeur and self-importance on the part of neurotic patients. Their only chance of recovering sanity is to get back their sense of reality and their ability to discriminate between their enemies, if they have any, and their candid friends. For a sincere of candid friend of France the New Republic is—a far better friend than are those Americans who encourage her to pity herself and consequently to continue the vindictive and egoistic national conduct which the French have associated with their own grievances. It is only too clear that if France continues for another four years the policy which she has pursued since the Armistice the rest of Europe will ultimately rise against her and combine to disarm her and to reduce her to a painful and humiliating impotence.

The Plight of the Expert

THE lot of the expert is hard and full of vexation. He has striven honestly to qualify himself for his chosen vocation. When he has attained to mastership he sets conscientiously about his work, observing rigorously the rules that have been established in accordance with the accumulated experience of his craft or profession. And the sun may shine on him, for a time. His findings may be received by the laity with respect, and there may be a generous measure of respect left over for the expert himself. But such happy seasons are soon over. For no cause in the control of the expert the laity loses interest and turns a cold, depreciating stare upon him and his works. Or else the fickle crowd goes whoring after false gods, leaving the expert futilely raging in a valley of dry bones.

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You have paid out your golden youth to become a healer of men's bodies, and so far as bodies may be healed by the means at the command of science, you have healed them. And for a time your name and fame grew vigorously, sending out sheltering branches over the humbler shrubbery of the lay community. But of late a film of indifference appears more and more frequently in the once eager eyes of your patients. Where once they called for you frantically at the first signs of distemper they are now inclined to let you run a neck and neck race with the undertaker. Chiropractors, cephalopractors, Christian Science, New Thought, Couéism shoot up around you like pokeweed in a clearing. All you can do about it is to curse the fickle mob and reflect bitterly that the emoluments of ethical practice are rarely sufficient to make possible accumulations to tide over years of leanness and public folly.

Or you are a well trained worker in Christ's vineyard, performing your work competently and with befitting humility. The community drew inspiration from you once, but now men, and women too, take to Sunday golf and the youth argue insolently for Sunday movies. You are a teacher expertly equipped to extract the cube root from the thickest round head in the class. You have cut the figure for retardation by ten percent. You have abolished truancy. There is nothing in your school you would not gladly exhibit to the United States Commissioner of Education. But it is coming to be asserted everywhere that education is a mess and that it is a good school that heals half the mental and moral wounds it inflicts. You are an electrical engineer and really know your business. If the public would listen to you and back you it would pay less for electric light and power. But the public is more interested in the problem of Edison's four hours for sleep and twenty for miracle working. You are an accomplished plant breeder and have in your gardens a dozen seeming impossibilities realized. But the public reads about Burbank's success in breeding the beards off barley heads and speculates on the threatened crisis in the barber's trade.

It would not be so hard if the public, after its mad pursuit of the false god, returned home to the expert with a faltering Peccavi on its lips. But that is something the public does not do. In its disappointment over a new prophet who has proved to be a fraud, the public does not remember the warning of the expert, but it does retain live traces of the irritation his warnings produced. An expert's credit, once broken, is beyond repair, no matter how unreasonably and unjustly it was broken. What wonder is it, then, that all experts are one in their bitter hatred of the lay critic, the destructive critic, who, in sheer ignorance, lays his axe to the foundation timbers instead of clearing away the gargoyles and false beams and pilasters reminiscent of obsolete taste. Let no one but an orthodox doctor criticize the orthodox doctors. Let no one but a teacher in good standing criticize the schools. Let no one but an intelligence tester criticize the intelligence tests. We want criticism; we yearn for it. But let it be the criticism of persons who really know our problems, who can distinguish between our weakness and our strength, and make us better experts than we were before.

Was any plea ever more reasonable? And yet the world has never entertained it. When the world wearies of the expert, it ceases to trust the critic who has been trained according to the expert's specifications. The world is wrong? It crucifies its prophets and spits upon its philosophers? Yes, occasionally. But it is a fair assumption that, as a rule, the world has something to say for itself.

In what, after all, does expertness consist? An expert is competent to perform a particular task well, but so also are persons no one would ever describe as experts. Socrates, Archimedes, Michael Angelo; Rousseau, James, Dewey; Edison, Henry Ford, Burbank; Billy Sunday, Coué, however unlike these men are, they stand on their own feet, do their own jobs, deal with the public without intermediation of an expert craft, and command each a following after his kind. An expert has something other than personal competence. He is the carrier of a tradition, the embodiment of standards. An expert physician will dose you according to the best current standards of the art. An expert teacher will follow the best known standards of education. An expert intelligence tester will make up your I. Q. with all the refinements of the latest practice. In each case, if you are not satisfied with the results you may appeal to another expert of known competence. Within narrow limits of error, you will find the same practices applied, the same results attained. You can verify expert services. And is not verification a proof of validity?

For the purposes of the expert craft, it is certainly proof enough. But the world has its own purposes, independently of the craft. It is enough for the expert physician that the patient lived, or died, after enjoying all the benefits of the best standard treatment. That isn't enough for the world, if the patient died. It is enough for the expert teacher that a child arrives at a specified point of learning or ignorance after the standard mechanism of instruction has operated frictionlessly upon him. It is not enough for the world if the result of the process is ignorance. It is enough for the expert diplomat that peace was maintained or war ushered in after a perfectly adequate exchange of notes and wholly correct observance of rules. That is not enough for the world if the peace was broken. The world, often quite unreasonably, seeks to hold men personally responsible for the net result. The expert accepts responsibility

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only under the standards of his craft. If the patient dies or the peace is broken, let the world bring suit against the craft.

And that is exactly what the world does, whenever a craft develops so that expertness is claimed under it. The world finds, or seems to find, that once a craft has reached this stage it goes on developing according to purposes of its own that bear little relation to the world's uses. An instructive example is the early modern practice of bleeding for fevers. There is extant an army report from one of the eighteenth century wars of France, describing the treatment of typhus. A detached battalion was so fortunate as to encounter typhus in a place where no surgical services were available. Those stricken by the disease had to live or die without benefit of bleeding. Most of them lived. Other battalions were well equipped with surgeons, who bled the patients according to standard practice. Almost all of them died. These facts were widely known, but did they discourage the practice of bleeding? Not a bit. It still remained a capital disgrace for a doctor to let a patient die, or live, without being competently bled.

And if anyone is disposed to say that such absurdities are now impossible, let him look sharply to his own expert working rules. How large a part of them is designed actually to help him serve the public, how large a part is designed to make sure that whatever he does in his craft is done according to established rites, so that in case of mischance he may be exculpated by his craft from all personal blame? When a bridge gives way or a retaining wall caves in those rites assume vast importance, as everyone knows. You don't like the example. Come, there is one expert craft we can all join in stoning: education. Consider the character of the collegiate or professional courses we were put through. How much of the matter presented to us for mastication was designed to nourish us or forward any general purposes whatever; and how much of it represented merely an accretion of standards built up by the teacher's craft as an escape from personal responsibility? It is not two decades since students in our most respectable medical colleges were put through a horrible memory grind on materia medica, learning the names and imagined uses of hundreds of substances long before rejected by science as of no therapeutic value. Petronius ridiculed the Roman schools, where the youth were required to make up speeches for pirates standing on the shore in chains, for tyrants preparing edicts ordering sons to cut off the heads of their parents. This was the standard training for practice in the courts of vital and turbulent Rome. Well, what sort of models do most of our professors of English set before the youth who aspire to the crown of letters in our vital and turbulent America?

Expert standards may or may not keep pace with the general need they were first designed to serve. They are most likely not to do so. They may or may not strike out on an independent evolution of their own, diverting the persons under their dominance from the best possible service of the public. They are very likely to do this. History is littered with doctrines, practices, tendencies that began with full life and significant purposes, later to succumb to the standardizing of expert schools and finally to evolve into encumbrances of the earth. If there is anything that can keep expertness from falling into disserviceability, it is criticism. Criticism from within the craft has its function, but it cannot perform the capital service of challenging the expert standards in their bearing upon public needs. For that service the craft must enlist the rank outsider, who ought, indeed, to know as many of the kinks of the craft as he can without losing his own soul, but whose primary qualification must be that soul itself and its sensitiveness to the changing current of public need. And if the craft collapses under such criticism, it must be because it has already ranged too far away from the springs of life.

The Obsolete Subsidy

THE shipping subsidy is dying. Since the present Congress was unable to pass a subsidy law, there is no hope for it. For decades must elapse before conditions will again be so favorable to the subsidy as in the first half of President Harding's administration. The national platform of 1920 declared for it; the President is a lifelong advocate of it; the great majority of both houses might have been expected to support it as a corollary of the principle of protection. And yet Congress expires without letting the measure come to vote. The subsidy hunters must be losing faith in human nature.

We hear no accusations of betrayal. No subsidy advocate is threatening to carry the fight to the constituencies. For it is well known, to both the supporters and opponents of the subsidy, that the country does not want it. The country regards it simply as a bore, if not as a steal. All the eloquent pleas for the American flag waving in every port, all the warnings of trade losses to our commercial rivals, have fallen on deaf ears. The American people have set their minds on the conclusion that if shipping can't be made to pay without a subsidy, it is a very good business to avoid.

That is common sense. But it is surprising to find common sense applied to the shipping problem when it is not applied to the analogous problems of protection. Why have the free traders made so few converts to the doctrine that any industry which cannot survive without a protect-

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ive duty is a national liability and not an asset? Perhaps the difference is simply due to the fact that a protective duty, whatever it takes out of the consumer's pocket, nevertheless puts money into the treasury, while a subsidy visibly takes money out of the treasury. But there is, we think, a more profound reason.

England and Japan, and Germany when she recovers industrially, can live comfortably only on the basis of sea borne trade. And the farther those nations look ahead into the future, the greater their dependence upon the sea appears. It is natural that with those nations the merchant marine should have been a primary object of national concern. America does not believe that her future lies upon the waters. She has not believed this since the time when the railways first penetrated the great plains. Our future, as conceived by the great majority of Americans, is mainly dependent upon the development of our own resources. A new industry brought into existence by a protective duty appears to help us toward self-sufficiency. The development of our ocean shipping presupposes another state of affairs—a dependence upon world trade which most Americans consider neither natural nor desirable. And so long as this attitude prevails, a general subsidy law can be enacted, if at all, only by political accident.

It is to be hoped that no such political accident will occur. General shipping subsidies represent not only an artificial policy, for a country in America's geographical and economic position, but they are an obsolete policy for any country in the present stage of world economics. The policy was developed in a period of small enterprises, when every ship might be regarded as an independent unit, serving the national trading interest wherever it sailed. Today ocean transportation, like land transportation, tends toward integration with the business it serves. The most advanced form of ocean transportation was represented before the war by the great German lines, which worked hand in hand with German production, land transportation, finance and trade. Such lines received government aid, and deserved it. They were performing a distinct national service not to be measured simply by a possible lowering of rates on German exports and imports.

Whether American trade requires any such systematic fostering now, or will require it at some future time, the plain fact is that we have not as yet made even the preliminary arrangements for it. We have not made the surveys of foreign markets capable of becoming liberal purchasers of American goods and suppliers of goods wanted in America. We have not built up a personnel for handling such trade with efficiency. We have no adequate machinery for financing it, nor have we even an organization of exporters upon whom a shipping line could count for full freights. If we were to establish the lines now, we should behave like a business house which built up its machinery of delivery without even calculating the business to be handled. And that, too, at a time when the world possesses a plethora of shipping facilities and there is not the least difficulty about securing their services at cost.

When we are prepared to carry on an intensive development of foreign trade we shall no doubt find ourselves compelled to consider ways of assuring ourselves of the appropriate means of ocean carriage. The possibility of subsidized lines to private carriers cannot be excluded from consideration. But more probably our ocean shipping policy will be handled simply as a part of our national transportation system. Either under public ownership or some modified form of private control our railways will eventually be integrated in a national system, coordinated closely with motor and inland water transportation. It naturally follows that such a transportation system cannot stop short at the ocean ports. It will be continued overseas by ocean transport lines, owned by the land transportation system and assured full cargoes by it.

It may perhaps be argued that subsidies granted today may hasten the development of an integrated national system. We fail to see any connection between the two policies. General subsidies would simply fritter away public funds without accomplishing any substantial improvement in American commerce. For the argument that subsidized ships would lower the general level of ocean freights and so stimulate commerce does not appear either cogent or relevant. Our small proportion of the world's shipping cannot control the general rate. And if it did, we see no reason why ocean carriage should not meet its own charges like any other form of established business.

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Naturalism and Christianity

IN one obvious respect the outcome of the exchange of notes between Bishop Manning and the Rev. Percy Stickney Grant is satisfactory. Dr. Grant was on this occasion the mouthpiece of those members of the Episcopal ministry who insist on the right to criticize the dogmas and traditions of their church and deny the authority of those articles which are offensive to their intellectual consciences. If the fundamentalist opponents of these ministers had forced Bishop Manning to try Dr. Grant for heresy, the decision would have been interpreted as a victory for religious obscurantism. No matter whether the trial did or did not result in conviction, the prestige and the moral unity of the Episcopal Church would have suffered and so would the freedom of thought of its individual priests. The mass of the clergy are at best extremely timid in challenging the traditions of a church which supplies them with a living and endows them with a position of such peculiar authority. The trial of Dr. Grant would have increased the timidity of the ordinary minister and rendered him more than ever unwilling to use his brains in discussing with himself the meaning of his religion. And in the event of conviction, it might have resulted in the practical expulsion from the Anglican Church of its progressive minds. The condemnation of Dr. Grant certainly would have discouraged the "Modern Churchmen's Union"—the organized group of modernist Episcopalians—from continuing their fight within the church.

Obvious, however, as are the disadvantages of an open breach and absurd as it ultimately is to try a Protestant for Protestantism, sincere Christians will not, I hope, accept this negative result with too much complacency. The controversy between the Bishop of New York and the Rector is in itself a small matter, but it is the expression of a doubt about the meaning of Christianity which is one of the most fundamental in its history. The mere avoidance of a notorious trial or an open breach in one particular sect is very far from a healing expedient for dealing with a deep dissension of this kind. The quarrel between the two factions in the Episcopal Church is not soothed or even compromised; it is temporarily suppressed or evaded. Political motives determined the result. The utmost pressure was brought to bear on both the modernists and their opponents to wrap the sharp edge of their opinions in cotton wool so that they could collide without hurting one another and so that their private differences would not disturb the blameless unity of the Episcopal Church. The pressure succeeded and its success is certainly more of a victory for modernism than for fundamentalism. But the effect of these negative victories will be to increase the spiritual confusion in the Christian churches, to weaken their defence against religious scepticism and to diminish the authority of religious conviction in contemporary life.

The Episcopal Church will hereafter take on more than before the character of a political rather than a religious body. A political body needs to tolerate radically different convictions of religious and other truth for the benefit of a successful common participation in certain important practical activities. A religious body needs to tolerate radically different ways of conducting practical activities for the sake of vindicating a common vision of religious truth. It lives on its convictions. The lack of a common fundamental understanding of what the faithful must believe in order to be saved is just as destructive of a religious community as disorder and violence are of a political community. It may be wise for a church during a period of transition to tolerate radically different conceptions of religious truth among its members just as it may be wise for a state to overlook during periods of social transition a permanently intolerable amount of disorder, but in both cases the toleration is only a dubious compensation for the want of constructive consent within the community. The church invokes it as the cheapest way out of a dangerous internal conflict. If this subordination of faith to works (or in other words of religion to politics) continues, Christianity will decay just as paganism decayed under the influence of a tolerant scepticism which permitted the setting up in Rome of the altar to any god, provided the new religion did not interfere with the worship of Caesar.

The real danger to Christianity does not arise from the possible triumph of the conservatives over the liberals or from the possible disintegration of some particular sect as the result of internal conflicts. It arises from the paralysis of Christianity as a way of life which is certain to follow from the inability of Christians to agree upon a common meaning for the fundamental truths of Christianity. The modernists may be in a minority in the churches, but modernism is in no danger. As the controversy between the liberals and the conservatives is now being stated and conducted, the former will assuredly win. The fact that the conservatives are obliged to tolerate opinions which from their point of view are equivalent to a denial of sacred truth is a sufficient demonstration of the enfeeblement of their convictions and the weakness of their position. But although modernism, if tolerated, will and should win over fun-

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damentalism, the probable effect if its victory upon the future of Christianity is far from reassuring. The modernists do ask themselves frankly how much of the intellectual fabric of popular Christianity will remain after its clergy have abandoned every assertion about facts which cannot run the gauntlet of scientific criticism. They do not sufficiently consider what constructive faith they can substitute for the frayed but costly mixture of truth and illusion which they are destroying. By underestimating the seriousness of their work of destruction in the hope of disarming opposition, they injure their qualifications for tackling in a sufficiently fundamental way the work of reconstruction.

Modern science as a successful explanation of natural processes practises a method and implies a philosophy which is not easy as many modernists assume to reconcile with the traditional Christian attitude towards the world. This method and philosophy is entirely different from the solid dogmatic materialism which a generation ago the Haeckels used to oppose to Christianity and the Christian apologists used to refute. It is trying out a philosophical particularism, pluralism and experimentalism which form a far more real alternative and a far more dangerous enemy to much of the older Christianity than the bogey of materialism. Its incorrigible experimentalism seems particularly difficult to hitch to the star of religious faith. It uses hypotheses to explain natural processes but its hypotheses are essentially tentative and demand persistent verification and vigilant and indefinite revision. It conceives truth as something which exists only as a consequence of verification by facts. The trustworthy account of the world which this method builds up is a fragmentary and shifting structure which illumines only a comparatively small part of human life, but science cannot as yet authorize the affirmation of anything more certain and more adequate.

Christian truth, on the other hand, begins with an undemonstrated vision and a faith. The Christian brings a hazardous hypothesis about human life to the facts of experience. This hypothesis he seeks to realize in experience, but in so far as he fails he cannot afford to consider his hypothesis any less worthy. It would lose its peculiar value for him in synthesizing the special aspects and activities of his life if he depended wholly for its validity upon verification. It consists in a projection of human life on the screen of the imagination as an immeasurable reality which is capable of indefinite fulfillment. The vision derives its power from the scope and the intensity of conviction with which the faithful Christian is able to endow it.

The way to deal with this discrepancy between scientific and religious truth is not to ignore its existence or to compromise it but to combine the two into an effective working union. The consummation of such a union would demand the surrender by the spokesmen of religion to the spokesmen of science of the business of uttering truthful assertions about facts; but by virtue of this surrender they would free religious truth from the burden of opposition to science of any kind and qualify it to assert its own dominion in the realm of imaginative and symbolic values. Science is the agency by which man adjusts himself to the world. Religion is the agency by which he envisages a modification of the world in the interest of his own fulfillment. Science can function vigorously without religion; but religion just because it seeks a synthesis between life and truth cannot function vigorously without the support of science.

If science and religion are at once as different and as supplementary as I have indicated, the existing attitude of Christian liberals towards modern science is not sufficiently loyal. They need to accept as an integral part of a truthful modern religious interpretation of the world the most iconoclastic results of scientific criticism as applied to the alleged historical facts of Christianity. It is not intolerance on their part to insist that Christians must believe in evolution or must reject the virgin birth of Christ any more than it would be intolerant for them to insist that two and two make four. It is sheer suicide for the spokesmen of religious truth to risk its authority upon the justifiability of more or less verifiable assertions about facts. The acceptance by the modernists of the absurdity of "tolerating" doubtful assertions about facts accounts for their timidity. It explains why they are more interested in the co-existence of contradictory conceptions of Christian truth than they are in the integrity of Christian conviction. They have never seriously attempted to frame an interpretation of Christianity which, while dissociating it from all doubtful assertions about facts, re-affirmed human regeneration as a religious truth which would not be true unless the faithful believed it to be valid beyond the possibility of demonstration.

In my opinion Christianity will not only survive a thoroughgoing loyalty to naturalism but this very loyalty should in the end enable it to emancipate its own essential affirmation from the oppressive burden which supernaturalism and absolutism have imposed upon it. Naturalism prepares Christianity for the first time to become unscrupulously and whole-heartedly humanistic. The kingdom of a supernatural and all-powerful God condemned the faithful to the status of subjects and the unfaithful to the status of traitors. Against this handicap the implicit humanism of Jesus himself fought a losing fight. On the other hand if the Christian Kingdom is conceived as a city and the Christian Gospel becomes the religious interpretation of humanism, its essential truth will emerge as an irresistible invitation to the fulfill-

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ment of human nature. The teaching, the personality and the legend of Jesus will then become a dramatic symbol of the consummate human life and at the same time and for the same reason the consummate human life will be brought down to earth and rendered into a living symbol of actual human life. Religion may then recover an intimacy with poetry and art which it has not enjoyed since the Reformation. It may transfigure what it calls the brotherhood of man into a co-educational fellowship which admits sisters into the class of one hundred percent human beings. It may even divine in the unions between men and women the possibility of a human relationship which will, if Christianity is able to consecrate the partnership, educate both partners to realize in their own imaginative experience what the symbol of God as Love and Understanding really means.

HERBERT CROLY.

Shadows of the Ringstrasse

"NO. I am not working."

He was a spindling youth. We sat at the same table in a Vienna café. He was sallow, unkempt.

"What's the use. The city is dying. Let us die with it."

"Oh, come. There are better days ahead!"

"Not for Vienna. Only hell. Hunger. Death."

"But—"

"Aber—nichts! It is easy for you Americans to talk. Talk is cheap. Money is cheap. Food is cheap. Wine is cheap. For you—. It hurts our pride to see you—buying our food and our wine and our goods—for paper! Thirty-five thousand kronen for a dollar!"

"America is friendly."

"America? Friendly? Hell! Did you ever hear of President Wilson, and his fourteen points? He swindled us—he and his Americans. He robbed us of our possessions. Austria is dying. Killed by America."

Silence. He continued.

"See those girls. Two of them. They are young. They work the streets and cafés. They are new in the game. America drove them into the street. America is crucifying us."

"But—if everyone would work, and save—"

"Bah! What's the use? Save! See my clothes! Worn this suit five years. I have pride. I am educated. I started to save money with which to buy a suit! It cost 125,000 kronen. I worked. I saved. I took my 125,000 kronen to buy my suit. But three weeks had passed. The price of the suit had gone up. It cost 300,000 kronen. No more saving for me. I am through."

"Have a drink."

"No. No. I am spending my suit money. What's the use?"

. . .

"Oh, I speak English. I lived in Pittsburgh for twenty years."

He was a sharp-faced little Austrian. A hotel proprietor.

"I served in the United States army. I fought against my own people. No more."

"Aren't you proud of being an American citizen?"

"Proud? With Austria murdered? My people dying? Why, man, America was deceived. America fought France's war. America must learn her lesson."

"But—President Wilson meant to be fair."

"Fair! Woodrow Wilson fair! Let me tell you something. You say what you please in Vienna—but there is one name which you must not mention. The man whom we hate more than any one else in the world. Wilson!"

He spat it out.

"Austria's murderer!"

. . .

We sat at the "Professortisch" in the imperial palace. It is maintained by Americans. Here the professors of the University of Vienna can secure one wholesome meal each day.

My friend, the Royal Professor, had paid his two hundred kronen. Two-thirds of a cent! I had paid two thousand kronen. Six cents.

"You understand?" he asked gently. "Our salaries are not very large."

I understood.

He pointed out notable men. This was the eminent authority on Assyriology. That one M—. Over there N—. Here was gathered the pride of old Vienna.

Dinner. Two-thirds of a cent.

"Salaries are low." Ten dollars means luxury for many days.

"When Woodrow Wilson came to Europe we hailed him as a savior. His fourteen points were to be the magna charta of a new civilization. Our prayers were answered. Germany and Austria were ready to join the world in the great crusade for peace." Tears came to his eyes.

"We did not will the war. We have suffered. The world has suffered. There is one cry. No more war! Woodrow Wilson was sent to lead the way."

"Versailles! St. Germain! The fourteen points were forgotten. We were betrayed by Woodrow Wilson."

There was no rancor in his voice. Simply hurt. I told him of another America. Of the America which would have supported Woodrow Wilson. If he had given them a chance. The Professor is big enough to know all this—but—

"Our little daughter was born after the armistice. There was no milk. The blockade was on. I tramped the streets. Some days—a few drops of milk. Many days—no milk."

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Even an Austrian Royal Professor thinks in terms of the concrete—daughters. Strange, but true.

"America kept milk from our baby."

"Woodrow Wilson betrayed us."

. . .

The Wiener Bank Verein opens at nine.

Five minutes later it is crowded.

Crowded with Americans, French, Turks, Russians, Egyptians, Swedes, Italians, English . . . all the world is there . . . cashing checks.

We stood in line. We passed in our checks. We were given receipts. We sat down, and waited. Waited. An hour, or two hours. Four hours was not uncommon. The weary cashier called our numbers. He called them in German. If that brought no response, in French, in English, in Italian. Even in Russian. Each finally received his money. A million. Five million. Twenty million. Great bundles of fifty thousand kronen notes, fresh from the press.

My turn came. "Drei hundert zwei und fünfzig."

"It's a shame," I said as the cashier counted out my share.

His face brightened. This was a new note.

"Oh, there's no hope. It grows steadily worse. Austria is doomed."

. . .

It was a pretty purse. Of tooled leather. One hundred and eighty thousand kronen.

"That is a good deal of money," I said as I handed the notes to the shopkeeper.

"That is not money! Nur Papier!"

. . .

"The robbers!" indignantly affirmed my companions in the train compartment. We were leaving Vienna. They were from New York. They had *seen* Vienna. They talked of the hotels. The cafés. The girls in the cafés. *So* young.

. . .

"Let them pay." The refrain of my militant friends rings in my ears. They should be satisfied. Austria pays. And the end is not yet.

There was one man in the world who saw. One man who had read history and studied life. He knew. His way did not prevail. He went down before the crash. Both Austria and Woodrow Wilson are helping to pay.

HUBERT C. HERRING.

What Shall We Do To Be Saved?

SHAW has put the question thus: Whether the human animal as he exists at present is capable of solving the social problems raised by his own aggregation?

It is a question not lightly to be answered. There is little probability that there exists in any book, or in any living mind, or group of minds, the knowledge with which to answer it. One can hold opinions, but where are the correlated data upon which to base a sound conclusion?

The problem is akin to the ultimate nature of matter with which the physicists are concerned. With one important exception. The physical sciences are closing in upon matter—in their march from molecule to electron—with patient concentration, painstaking analysis, and the finest kind of intellectual attention. Dr. Richard Tolman in his fixed nitrogen laboratory in Washington spends the best part of a year in contriving an apparatus with which to measure the mass of an electron. When he finds that the east and west orientation results in minute magnetic variations, he spends more months in reversing the orientation to north and south.

Is there anyone the world around who is addressing himself to the measurement of social control—its possibilities and its limits—with an equal scientific passion? Can anyone produce a single workable method whereby men may come to terms with their environment? We have had a lot of obvious nonsense by Le Bon, and a little wisdom smothered in more nonsense by Trotter. The psycho-analysts with their armchair clinical methods are coining long words to cover up the yawning gaps in their syntheses. The behaviorists have hardly more than started. (One pauses rather hopefully over the behaviorists.) The Webbs, to whom we must grant patient industry, build beautiful bureaucracies, with robots in the swivel chairs.

In short, in the science of the humanities, have we progressed beyond the astrology stage? In all the branches of knowledge which have to do with the action and reaction of human beings—as against the physical sciences which have to do with the reaction of particles of matter and particles of energy—in philosophy, theology, ethics, psychology, economics, history, politics and education—have we correlated any data or formulated any laws, which, to date, can help us in acquiring a conscious and deliberate mastery of our environment to the end that we may live with less anguish on this planet?

The sheer fact of the world war, and the present condition of Europe, is sufficient, I think, to show that there is nothing significant to be learned from the humanities in these premises. We know how to calculate the stresses and strains of steel structures, but we have no knowledge of the stresses and strains of families, or of communities, or of nations, or of races. We know to a nicety

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what load in pounds will overcome a given support. We have no means of knowing when war or revolution or financial panic will overcome a given social group.

So, pending investigation, about all one can do is to guess. And it is a poor citizen indeed who is not prepared to guess in this magnificent void.

What shall we do to be saved?

The next ten person you meet will tell you on the nail:

We have got to go back to the Bible. . . .
We have got to overthrow capitalism. . . .
We have got to silence the agitators. . . .
We have got to read Science and Health. . . .
We have got to introduce the single tax. . . .
We have got to sublimate our complexes. . . .
We have got to consult the Ouija board. . . .
We have got to have birth control. . . .
We have got to abolish current education. . . .
We have got to learn Esperanto. . . .
We have got to mind our own business. . . .
We have got to revert to the principles of the founders. . . . .
We have got to listen to the still, small voice. . . .

An honest mind groping for a foothold in this morass, can do little else save sink. With such stereotypes colliding valiantly with one another all over the face of the habitable globe, the hope for mankind's vanquishing its environment remains pitiably small.

After all, what is it that we need to know so that we may give some ordered outlet to the decency which most of us appear to carry around in a state of suspended animation? (Of course, for all I can tell, we may be fundamentally rotters, and incapable of civilized conduct. But my cherished dogma—picked out of the sky—is that children are born with the capacity for considerable decency.)

We need to know, it seems to me:

First, a great deal more about human behavior; a great deal more about inherited instincts; the effect of environment; the limits of group cooperation; what machinery is doing to human nature; and so forth.

Second, we need to know all the ascertainable facts covering the extent of social control in the past, and the methods by which it was secured.

The first query we shall have to leave largely to the behaviorists. The second, however, is primarily a historical one, and perhaps, with sufficient humility, it is possible to make a few preliminary speculations from the knowledge now extant. After all, we have been living in social groups of various sizes for upwards of fifty thousand years. I submit that a little of the same kind of intellectual attention which went into Dr. Tolman's apparatus for the measuring in the mass of the electron would not be unrewarded if devoted to a scientific analysis of history from this particular viewpoint.

Attention should first be directed to the folkways, as the unwritten rules by which men have lived together from time to time in some sort of mutual toleration, and shared their joint production in some sort of ordered, if inequitable, distribution. So far, much of the study given to folklore has been in the direction of furnishing moral shocks. To know for instance that among certain African tribes it is considered the height of indecency for a woman to cover her breasts, is diverting enough, as is the persistence to 1830, of the good old custom of bundling. But the folkways offer a richer field for research than that found in providing moral paradoxes. By tracing their development, the reasons for their astounding hardihood, and their net effect on social organization, a very great deal might be learned as to the limitations and the possibilities of utilizing folkways for a more competent civilization. Because it is upon the rocks of the mores that most plans for reform are wrecked. (I wonder how much the bright promise of the Russian revolution has been dimmed by the immemorial habit-patterns of the Russian masses?)

Secondly, attention should be given to the written law. Roman law, English common law, the Code Napoleon, statute law today—how far do they effect the habits and behavior of men, and what are their limits in bringing about genuine social changes? Law, supported by the policeman, certainly has an observable effect on human action, but the compulsions of the written law are probably much weaker than the compulsions imposed by the folkways. Law is, however, devised and formulated consciously, while folkways are not. But due to the fact that the main end of law has been the safeguarding of property rights, and the protection of the rich against the poor, the use of the law as a vehicle for advancing the wellbeing of the mass of mankind is still highly problematical. The law has seldom operated in the field of social control which is here contemplated. Some competent authority should determine whether history provides any hope for believing that it can be made to work in that field.

Thirdly, the social control hitherto exerted by autocrats and rulers should be carefully examined from the standpoint of its actual effect upon men's habits. As in the case of written law—with which it is closely allied—I suspect that the net effect has been considerably exaggerated by zealous historians imbued with the "great man" theory. Have Caesars run their subjects ragged, or have they not—and if they have, what has been their technique?

Fourthly, attention should be given to the various sorts of social control now confidently alleged to be of dominating influence in Western communities. It is believed, for instance, by school teachers, parsons and Y. M. C. A. secretaries, that America is a democracy controlled by the majority vote of an intelligent electorate which knows what

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it wants. This is such staggering nonsense that our experts could not afford to waste much time in analyzing it. From my limited observations I can find no evidence of conscious control exercised by the voters of these United States. That a certain control exists is probably true, but it is exercised by big business, party committees and local bosses—in that order. And it carries no vestige of a synthetic program for human welfare.

Which brings us to a more puzzling charge. It is widely held by radicals of various shades that America is ruled by a select group of captains of industry collectively known as "Wall Street." It is a tempting view, but probably an over-simplified one. If Wall Street were really running the show would it permit the devastating inroads which are being made into its balance sheets from time to time by panics, crises, liquidations and bankruptcies? Would it have dropped some ten billions in inventory values in 1921? It would not. Business men stand together against labor, and against encroachments on the rights of property, but they are divided on nearly everything else, due to their different functions in the mechanism of the market, with the result that no effective social control is possible in the premises.

It is held that such great organizations as the Catholic Church, or the Masons, or the Ku Klux Klan, exert a dominating social control. Investigation would discover all sorts of influence being exercised by these groups in restricted areas and over restricted functions, but to hold them responsible for "running the country" is obviously unreasonable. It is charged that labor unions render us helpless. Then why should six millions of workers tramp the streets in 1921? Mr. Mencken is exercised as to the manner in which the puritans block freedom. Mr. Sumner is exercised as to the omnipotence of the libertarians. And . . . but what is the use?

The naked fact remains that no one runs the process—which is the essence of social control—or exercises any wide-flung dictatorship at all. No one deliberately started the process, or maintains it, or knows where it is going. The thing is a Frankenstein monster, not the fiery angel of an unknown God. Men have built it only to have it grind them to powder.

The machine process holds out great promise to man. It promises him the end of poverty. It promises him knowledge and power which roots deep in the mass of the people. But to date it has run wild. Neither folkways nor laws nor kings nor churches nor captains of industry have been able to tame it. Is it fantastic to hope that it may be tamed at all?

Certainly if it is to be tamed, some form of deliberate social control must be devised; one which profits by all the experiments of the past, and yet is strong enough to force mankind to face a world synthesis of its economic life in the future. And prior to such plan must come a quality of work in psychology, education and economics which only the physical sciences have known to date.

Which brings us back to where we started. The mental application that has gone into the social sciences hitherto, has, on the basis of its performance, been largely isolated, theoretical, divorced from statistical and laboratory observation and at odds with the original documents. It has tended to move in an atmosphere of sheer intellectualization—which, in the last analysis, is about as trustworthy as mythology. The rationalization of our prejudices gives us many books but little light.

If we could but find out in some concrete way the dominating springs of group action in the past, and combine that knowledge with the findings of an ever developing behavioristic psychology, we might, just possibly might, some day, confound Mr. George Bernard Shaw.

STUART CHASE.

Will France Get Anything from the Ruhr?

WHAT will be the economic consequences of the French occupation of the Ruhr? If one believes that the purpose of the occupation is merely to bring a recalcitrant Germany to terms and to obtain larger reparation payments than would otherwise be procured, the answer will be of one sort. If, however, one believes that the French purpose is primarily political, the reply will be essentially different. In the case of the former assumption, if the expedition fails to achieve its ends, France may shortly be expected to withdraw, having incurred meanwhile heavy military costs and, through the disturbances caused by the occupation, having somewhat weakened Germany's economic position. If, on the other hand, the expedition should result in forcing Germany to a new reparations agreement, France would still withdraw, in the expectation that a chastened Germany would set to work in earnest to pay the bill that has been rendered—the long-run economic results depending upon the outcome of the newly concluded reparations settlement. But if, to take the second assumption, France is in the Ruhr for political reasons, and is there to stay, the economic consequences will prove of vastly greater significance.

The motives for the action are doubtless confused, both economic and political considerations being involved. The belief that the occupation is primarily for political and military purposes is based on the following considerations. The French leaders know well enough that Germany is in involuntary default on *cash* payments—for it is generally conceded among students of the problem

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that Germany now has no surplus of exports over imports the proceeds of which are available for reparation payments. It is also everywhere admitted that the sale of paper marks to foreign bankers and servant girls—as Keynes puts it—is no longer a lucrative source of revenue. The foreign balances of German banks and citizens are estimated by Sir Robert Horne, recent Chancellor of the British Exchequer, at 500 million dollars, while Reginald McKenna places the total at not more than a billion dollars at the outside. These balances, moreover, constitute the basis for the financing of Germany's import trade; and their seizure—assuming it were possible for the government to get possession of them—would have as disastrous consequences to Germany as would the appropriation of the remaining gold reserves of the Reichsbank. Hence further substantial cash payments at the present time are out of the question.

As for deliveries of coal, Germany's default may in one sense be voluntary; she could no doubt have continued for a time to import coal from England in amounts roughly equivalent to her deliveries to France, thus enabling France, whose present coal requirements are not equal to the amounts Germany had been delivering, to continue to peddle coal about in Italy, Switzerland and Holland at whatever price she could get in competition with her hitherto faithful ally, Great Britain. It may be stated in passing that some of this coal which was sold in Holland has been repurchased by the Germans. But what economic suicide—for Europe in general as well as for Germany in particular! And how absurd to insist that Germany can continue to make deliveries in kind when, as things stand, the total of German exports is wholly insufficient to pay for the imports of food and raw materials that are indispensable if the population is to be fed and the factories are to be run. Every payment made at present reduces the possibility of payment a few months later; to force further payments now is to squeeze the final bit of juice out of the orange.

The French leaders, it is argued, are aware of this situation, although the masses are no doubt still under the delusion that Germany is rolling in wealth—yes, in money which can be used to relieve French taxation burdens. In any case, it is urged that in view of the widespread opinion among financial and economic leaders in Great Britain, in the United States and in neutral countries that Germany should be granted a moratorium, the default on coal deliveries did not warrant the precipitate haste shown by France in entering into the Ruhr. Were there any valid economic reasons for the French opposition to the appointment of a commission of neutral experts to study the capacity of Germany to pay?

The political exigencies which prompted the invasion of the Ruhr are not difficult to discern. Since the war, there have been just two alternatives open to the government in power in France: first, to fulfill the solemn pledges repeatedly made to the people that reparations would be collected sufficient in amount to restore the devastated areas and furnish pensions for French soldiers; or, second, to weaken Germany as a political, economic and military power. As long as any particular government seemed to be making reasonably satisfactory progress in the matter of reparations, the people were reasonably satisfied with the government. But the moment the futility of that policy was revealed and the home fiscal burdens began in consequence to appear in their true light, the people insisted on sterner measures. Failing to secure reparations by negotiation, the political leaders, to retain their power, found it necessary to threaten Germany. For a time the threat of force sufficed for political purposes at home; but in the end threats must bring results, or the threatener will be deposed. Action, not the continued writing of diplomatic notes, was demanded. Since threats could not squeeze juice out of a dry orange, there was only one recourse left for Poincaré, namely, to take possession of Germany territory. If the occupation of the Ruhr should not result in procuring for France any substantial reparation payments, the French statesman could, nevertheless, claim that in lieu of reparations he had acquired territory—territory, moreover, that constituted the very basis of German industrial and military power. The occupation of the Ruhr has thus been the inevitable outcome of French political policy since the war.

In this connection, it may be observed that there has long been in France a powerful sentiment for the political dismemberment and the economic weakening—not to say destruction—of Germany. From the very beginning of the war, articles and pamphlets were published in France advocating the dismemberment of the German Empire; and in 1917, shortly before the Russian Revolution, notes were exchanged between the French and Russian governments with this end in view. French public men, moreover, have repeatedly called attention to the fact that whenever in history Germany has been divided into small states, these states have quarreled among themselves, and left France unmolested. It is an open secret that the French administration in the Rhenish area of occupation has encouraged the separatist movement among the German people, although the movement for an independent Rhenish state was strongly opposed at the Peace Conference by the American and British governments. It is an open secret, also, that after the armistice France sent a minister to the Bavarian government with a view to stimulating the separatist movement between the north and south of Germany.

Quite as important from the French point of view as the political dismemberment of Germany

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is the control of the bases of German economic and military power. The Peace Treaty returned to France the mineral resources of Lorraine. In addition, France secured control of the Saar mines for a long period of years and, through the arrangement with Poland, obtained control of the major part of the Silesian coal. Germany thus retained only one important mineral area, the Ruhr. Germany could not be controlled or destroyed as an economic and military power so long as she retained possession of the great resources of the Ruhr Valley. French control of the Ruhr means French control of German industrial and military power.

The French policy is thus a logical deduction from certain fundamental tenets of the French faith. First—the French believe that there is no possibility of a future friendly and pacific Germany; second, they place little trust in the League of Nations; third, they cannot count upon an American and British alliance against Germany. Granted these premises, the only sensible policy for France to pursue appears to be to keep Germany down now that she has her down.

So much for the political considerations that have forced the French government to seize the Ruhr. What now are the possibilities of incidental economic gain from the enterprise? There is no money in the Ruhr to be seized through tax collections, or otherwise, the only money there being paper marks which are no longer worth the cost of the paper. Nor is there any appreciable quantity of tangible wealth lying about that the French can appropriate. If they are to obtain any economic gain, it can only be through the processes of current production in the Ruhr. In the *short-run* it is inconceivable that France can thus obtain either commodity deliveries or profits from the sale of German produce in other countries of sufficient value to cover the costs of the army of occupation.

The only possibility for economic gain lies in a permanent occupation, in the economic, if not political annexation of the Ruhr to France. It is believed by many that France might in the long run succeed in a policy of industrial exploitation based upon the union of the coal resources of Germany and the mineral resources of France. It is easy to understand how the French leaders, driven by political exigencies to desperate expedients, may have convinced themselves that such a policy of territorial annexation and industrial exploitation will bring economic advantages, as well as achieve military security.

However, the permanent occupation of the Ruhr and the exploitation of the combined coal and iron resources of France and Germany can result in gain to France only on one condition—that the German people render effective cooperation. This cooperation must come both from the German industrial leaders and from the German working population. France herself has not the necessary surplus of industrial leadership to enter upon any such grandiose scheme of exploitation with any hope of success. The French have never been conspicuous for large scale industrial achievement in their own country; their genius is of another sort. Moreover, the difficulties of industrial exploitation are tremendously increased when it becomes necessary to exploit the resources of an alien country with an alien population. Recognition of this fact has been the basis of the suggestion that French and German industrialists together must, through great international syndicates, find a solution of the problem. The trend of events in recent weeks, however, has dispelled all hope that any such agreements might be consummated, for France effectively prevented any such cooperation the moment her troops seized German territory and took possession of German industries.

Even if France possessed the necessary industrial and financial leadership for the exploitation of the resources of the Ruhr, she would still be absolutely dependent upon the *effective* cooperation of the German working population. The question then is a simple one: Can an alien population be policed and starved into effective cooperation? It is one thing to police and starve into submission; it is quite another thing to procure that wholehearted cooperation without which a surplus of production for the invader cannot be secured.

The outcome of the invasion of the Ruhr is certain to be a great increase in French government deficits and a continued impairment of the whole French financial situation. A permanent French occupation of the Ruhr will render it practically certain that French finances will gradually go the way of German finances.

Meanwhile, what will be the trend of events within Germany? There is, I believe, little doubt that France can prevent the delivery of coal, tar, sulphate of ammonia, cast iron, steel and other products to unoccupied Germany, and can stop production within the Ruhr area itself. Such a policy would, however, bring no economic benefits to France. As we have already seen, if France is to succeed economically, she must keep German production going, at least within the occupied area. French policy involves exporting from the Ruhr, mainly to countries other than France, the commodities of current production, permitting unoccupied Germany to secure from the Ruhr only such quantities of goods as France can conveniently spare and as may be in accord with the French policy of keeping Germany economically impotent.

Before the French invaded the Ruhr, it was already impossible for Germany to procure the necessary imports of foodstuffs and raw materials to feed her dense urban population and to operate her extensively developed factory system. With the products of the Ruhr parcelled out to Germany by French military commanders, German industry

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cannot possibly escape rapid deterioration. At the very best, the amount of coal and other materials available for unoccupied Germany will be greatly reduced as a result of the French occupation. And the more Germany opposes French policy, the smaller will be the deliveries made to unoccupied Germany. How long this resistance will be continued, no one can say; nor can any one now foresee precisely how soon many German industries will be compelled to close down for want of raw materials and coal. From the known facts as to German conditions, it would appear that it is a matter of weeks rather than of months. Such an outcome will mean starvation, partial or complete, for millions of the German urban population. Politically, it may mean either Bolshevism or Fascism in Germany; and the repercussion of such developments upon other countries constitutes another story.

H. G. MOULTON.

A Dangerous Book

SOMETIME in the seventeen-nineties Mr. Pitt, when Prime Minister, was advised to institute a prosecution of Godwin's Political Justice as a dangerous book and likely to cause social unrest. He refused to do so, not because he approved of its doctrines or thought it safe, but because it cost three guineas. Such a price showed the author to be free from any desire of corrupting the masses. Yet, no doubt, Godwin's was an extremely dangerous book, not so much because it aimed at anarchy—it was a very polite and tolerant anarchy that it preached—but because of its unqualified faith in human reason. Godwin believed that all the ills of society were due to what he called "prejudice." Man, if allowed to follow his true nature, instinctively loved the good and hated evil. He was guided by the dictates of reason, if only you let him alone and did not confuse his mind. Life and duty, according to Godwin, are really simple things. The problems that press can be solved easily enough, if only they are looked at straight. One great key will open all the locks. Get rid of prejudice, get rid of all the unnatural, artificial, interested lies and delusions in which kings and priests and their dark associates have entangled humanity; get rid of false worships, false customs and false associations; and human nature will walk forward naturally and without hindrance on the road to its own perfection. Then will come the time when

> Woman and man, in confidence and love,
> Equal and free and pure, together tread
> The mountain-paths of virtue, which no more
> Are stained with blood from many a pilgrim's feet.

That was the promise: and on the faith of it we were to set mankind free from all restraints inward or outward, and see what happened. Obviously a dangerous doctrine.

About a century afterwards, in the year 1890 to be precise, was published Frazer's Golden Bough, a book equally dangerous, though almost opposite in doctrine. It also began, not quite at three guineas, but at a price almost equally inaccessible, and, what was worse, it kept increasing in size with each edition, from two volumes to three, four, ten, and eventually sixteen. But now we discover with a thrill of alarm that it is reduced to one moderate volume* at a guinea, and will be let loose to do its worst. Of course, it is a long book, which is some protection, and it contains a great deal of recondite and difficult knowledge. But it is no good pretending that it will choke readers off. Quite the contrary: the style and the matter both will see to it that as soon as they begin they will be fascinated.

The danger of Godwin's doctrine was that it made people think that man was a purely reasonable being and fit to be entrusted with almost infinite freedom. The danger of Frazer is not any avowed doctrine of the author's own: he is extremely cautious in his expressions of opinion; but the tendency of the whole book is to make one think that there is no such thing as reason at all in human affairs. To rid the natural man of his prejudices would be like stripping an onion of its coats or George IV of his waistcoats; there would be nothing left. Strip off the clothings of custom and social convention, you find beneath them the clothing of previous centuries; the cowl and the mail of the Middle Ages, the blanket and the woad of the savage; and below that layer upon layer, cake upon cake, of primaeval slime, reaching back to ages before the first man stood upright on the earth. Somewhere, no doubt, in the centre of it all, a stifled heart that feels a little sympathy, and an obfuscated brain with occasional glimmerings of thought; but, in the main, an infinite complexity through which we see only rare glimpses of passions for ever unsatisfied and nerves sensitive to every extreme of pain. What seemed to Godwin simple, we now see was really only what accorded with his own prejudices; for practical purposes that is what "simple" always means. Where Godwin said that man naturally loved good and hated evil, the truth was merely that men called the things they liked by nice names and the things they disliked by nasty names. His

* The Golden Bough: A Study in Magic and Religion, by Sir J. G. Frazer. One volume. New York: The Macmillan Company. $5.00.

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natural state is beautifully described by a German word Urdummheit, from Ur-, which means original or primaeval, and dummheit, which is the quality of a dunderhead or a dummerer. The priests and kings whom Godwin thought to be so conventional and artificial turn out to be among the earliest facts of human society, the earliest creations, one might say, of man's natural desires. Back in the most primitive tribes we find them: priest and king, or, at the beginning, priest and king and god, undifferentiated one from another, performing, as far as one can see, much foolishness and much cruelty and nothing whatever besides, and giving apparently infinite satisfaction. "Come unto me," said Carlyle, "all ye that hunger and thirst to be bamboozled!" It seems to the reader of Frazer to be the universal desire of mankind.

Man, left to himself, uncorrupted by convention and set free to follow his own sublime instincts, did not apparently pursue virtue nor yet vice. Apart from catching his prey, at which he possessed real genius, and fighting his fellow creatures, where he showed much promise, he devoted his efforts for the most part to indescribable silliness. Of course, sometimes he was very cruel as well, in the way of sorcery and persecution and the like, but in the main he was just silly. He went and invented Totemism. He said, for no ascertainable reason, that he was a frog, whereas his neighbors were dogs or water-lilies or turnips. Then he spent ages in inventing entirely useless rules which should prevent a frog from marrying another frog, and fixing the conditions—all of them senseless—under which it might marry a dog or a turnip. He worked for generations in elaborating religious dances and ceremonies, all intended to produce results which they never produced; in devising innumerable ways of frightening and bullying the boys and women of the tribe; shutting them up, burying them alive, cutting off bits of their persons, or knocking their teeth out, all for some seriously pursued purpose which was never, never, except by accident, attained.

Godwin destroyed Christianity as an artificial invention imposed for purposes of tyranny by corrupt priests in collusion with kings. Frazer tends to destroy it by merely showing how old it is, how rooted in human nature and the Urdummheit. The most mystical Christian doctrines, like the Trinity and the Eucharist, on which have been written whole libraries of learned theology, appear as commonplaces of savage superstition, sometimes revolting, sometimes in their way sublime; for, of course, self-sacrifice and heroism are as old as human society itself. The most beautiful of Christian emblems, the picture of the mother and child, has already been traced three thousand years before the Christian era. And the central doctrine which Frazer's wonderful work illumines, the sacrifice of the divine king, thrilling and terrible as it is, is not only a tale of cruelty written in language of blood, but also a record of the eternal idealism of the human heart, which welcomes any suffering or sacrifice, if only it have about it the touch of splendor.

Of course, Reason has had a bad time of late years, not only in practice—which is normal enough—but even in profession. During the war she hardly dared to show her face in any country, and seldom spoke without being made sorry for it. Even now her appearances in public are extremely timid. The word rational has ceased to be a term of praise; logical is almost a term of abuse, perhaps because people think for obscure traditional reasons that to be logical is to be like the French. In theory, too, the new psychology has belittled the place of reason in the human mind; the religious reaction has based itself on mysticism; the psycho-analysts gravely assure us that the reasons we allege for our actions are merely protective coloring, and that most human activities are the effervescence of man's despair at finding that by the law of his religion he may not marry his grandmother. As for the behavior of nations and large masses, one is given to understand that, for practical purposes, it is entirely the result of propaganda and advertisement. Man reels upon his way through life, driven hither and thither by suggestions and complexes, much as a mindless clerk might go to his office along the advertisement-ridden streets of a great town, filled now with a suggestion that somebody's whiskey, somebody else's tobacco and the patent medicines of a crowd of other competitors form really the desire of his heart; now with the belief that two different routes to the continent are both of them the best and cheapest; now with the turbid and contradictory contents of the political headlines and posters of various newspapers. He responds automatically to the broadcasting of stentorian cries: "X. is a Jew; hit him! Y. is a capitalist; down with him! Z. is a Bolshevik; let his children starve to death!"

No doubt there is a good deal of truth in this account of mankind, enough truth to show that Godwin's rationalism was an extreme delusion. No doubt nations and parties and public adventurers who act on these assumptions have a good chance of success even in comparatively reputable societies, and a chance that steadily improves as the society becomes less reputable. In the present state of Europe it sometimes looks as if such methods might succeed altogether and accomplish not only the ruin of this or that country, not only the collapse of our present civilization, but the final failure of the great experiment which was made when our first ancestor stood up on his hind legs and began to trust in his brain rather than his arms and teeth. The poor brute would have speculated and lost!

There is a little book sold at the entrance of the

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Natural History Museum at South Kensington which tells of that dangerous speculation and the sacrifices that it involved. A nice well-tailed and well-furred animal, more like a lemur than an ape, he invested in an overgrown brain, lost his tail, went bald all over his body, incurred innumerable risks, diseases and even vices for the sake of one inestimable possession, the faculty of reasoning thought. And now we are taught to doubt whether it was worth the price, or whether indeed he really possesses it.

The conclusion we reach perhaps seems drab and commonplace. Truth is so often both. It is a dangerous delusion to think of man as a purely rational animal; equally dangerous and more degrading to leave his reasoning power utterly out of account. There is only a little reason in the world at the present time, little enough in each individual, and rather less apparently in nations as wholes. But what there is is like the little radium in mountains of slag, the one gem that gives value to the mass, not easy to extract, not widely scattered, but a thing leaping with light and unbroken by the shocks of mortality.

GILBERT MURRAY.

The Moscow Art Theatre

The Moscow Art Theatre. Jolson's Fifty-Ninth Street Theatre, January 8, 1923.

MR. OLIVER SAYLER'S admirable book, combined with the most intelligent and effective publicity in the course of our theatre, had made us familiar with the Moscow Art Theatre before we ever saw it. And twenty years of criticism have established the main qualities and theories of this group of artists; everyone knows that their method is the representational, which professes the intention of ignoring the presence of spectators and of producing an effect of life as life would be seen going on if the fourth wall of a room were removed; everyone knows by now the phrase "spiritual realism," implying a selection among realistic details that can bring out the inmost spirit of the actual matter. And everyone knows about the exhaustive search for right particulars, the last perfection of illusion in make-up; the spirit of the group working together under Stanislavsky; the competent training that makes it possible to exchange rôles among the actors; and the sincerity of approach to the meaning of the dramatist. About the Moscow Art Theatre these are all by now the merest commonplaces; one may see these players through phrases at least if not through the eyes. So that, even more than usual, criticism is free to be a personal affair.

Well, for my part, if I had seen the Moscow company in nothing but their historical poetic drama, Tsar Fyodor, I should have been very much disappointed. In this performance I saw that Moskvin was a very fine actor, with an art that was fluid, continuous, pathetic in the deepest sense. I saw that Mme. Knipper-Chekhova was a highly competent artist, and that everyone in the company played carefully, freely, well. The costumes too were superb and evidently correct so far as history goes, the jewels likewise. The palace rooms were plainly authentic canvases of rooms to be found somewhere in Russia, very rich and entertaining. The ensembles were astonishing; as individuals and as a mass the actors in them were convincing and lifelike. And over the whole stage there was—that seven-days wonder of stage directors—a complete air of human beings living there in the familiar ways of men. All these virtues were easy to see in the performance; but, except for bits of pathetic acting and for moments of pictorial beauty of figures and garments, I cared nothing about it. I have no interest in poetry taken as prose, and almost no interest in history taken, but for its mask of antique trappings, as contemporaneous human life. For the truth of history seems to me to be a combination of actuality and remoteness. Of this sixteenth century matter of men, equipage and event, the reality to me is the idea of it, and this includes the vista of time as one of its chief elements. In other words in the performance of an imperial ancient story like this of the Tsar Fyodor I should like the style of the acting to achieve not the studied naturalness that we take daily as the ways of men but the form, the magic of distance and scope, the conscious arrangement, the artifice and logic, that would create in my mind the idea. And with jewels and arms and clothes I can see the merely correct history of them in museums if I choose; what I want on the stage is these things translated into stage terms, restated with that lustre and relief, to use Coquelin's phrase, that would make them art. In sum, I wanted through all the play less of what that sixteenth century situation may or may not have been and more of what to me it really is. Chaliapin in Boris, then, yes, that was another school of art, that had great style, simplification, removal, magnificent idea; it remained in the mind like music, like great poetry, great abstractions; it was independent of every concern outside its moment, complete in itself. But for this Moscow Art Theatre's fine production of Alexis Tolstoy's historical poetic drama, I was professionally attentive, admiring, but quite unmoved, indifferent.

Of Gorki's play, with its mixture of the dregs of the world, the fallen baron, the fallen actor, the cynical philosopher, the old prostitute, Anna the dying woman, Luka the pilgrim, and the crowd of others, and its remarkable achievement of a kind of heightened and violently crude poetic actuality, the performance seemed to me not wholly convincing but more satisfying than that of the Tsar Fyodor. There were passages of fine directing and fine acting all the way through, that last scene of the play, for example, where the lodgers left in the place talk together, with its haunting fervor and ironic desolation; or the scene in the courtyard where the old man and his young wife talk from the window above to the group below, incomparable moment of pure theatre, glittering, bitter and pagan and gay, like two colors laughing together; and most of all the beautiful, faultless scenes where Luka the pilgrim ministers to the dying woman. Fine moments and some fine acting, Moskvin, Mme. Knipper-Chekhova and Kachalov, and stretches of extraordinary poetic realism; and now and then a vast, compelling mood over all, these were the achievements of the Gorki play. But what let me down and left me dashed and disappointed was the broken quality of the performance as a whole. Too often it separated into parts. Character after character stood out to the eye, heavily accented, without a blur. Stanislavsky's Satine was the worst of these—and on this general point there can be no argument, someone was wrong, either Moskvin or Stanislavsky, since Moskvin was exactly

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the contrary to Stanislavsky and the picture he conveyed a complete blend without obvious accentuation—Satine's coat, his waistcoat, his shirt, his socks, his shoes, his cap, his beard, he could not turn or move but I ran into more shreds and patches, white stitches, ragged edges, everything insufferably scored—as his speeches, for all their great intelligence, were scored—like the work of a brilliant amateur. And too many of the events in this performance stood as brightly apart as the characters: Alyosha's entrance, for one example, where he danced into the room so delightfully in his rose-colored togs, was quite as much a "number" as anything ever seen in vaudeville. All this spotting and separate rhythm and glare would be well enough so far as I am concerned; I like the effect of pure theatre frankly played as such; and I like the presentation of Gorki's play as high theatricality, which it essentially is rather than naturalism; but the possibilities in this direction were crippled by the Moscow production's working in the opposite, they worked on an assumption of exact realism and so mixed matters up. On the whole I came away, when the performance was over, stirred and swept and shaken in my memory as after certain great numbers on a concert program, but with no sense of any deep mood or of one single, profound experience, either of art or of poignant life.

The two Chekhov plays were another matter! Here was that rarest of events in the theatre anywhere, the combination of acting, producing and dramatic writing, one proceeding from another and all illuminating one idea. Some of the players were manifestly past their prime—it is only intelligent to recognize that—but it mattered very little, what they did seemed forever right and fine. I saw there on the stage Chekhov's characterizations, so whimsical, pitiful, keen, exact; I saw Chekhov's art come true, all the strange, incessant flux of it, its quivering and exposed humanity, its pathetic confusion of tragic, comic, inane and grotesque. I saw more than ever the likeness between Chekhov's method and Shakespeare's. Shakespeare starting with a fundamental emotion or state of mind, finds facet after facet for the surface of its expression; he makes images, comparisons, ornaments, elaborations of musical cadence, all of them springing from one source and all taken together revealing it. Shakespeare allowed himself every freedom in the poetic method, to use any flight or exaggeration or happy impossibility to secure his end. Chekhov uses only words and actions that are possible in actual daily life, are seen and heard by the eyes and ears. As Shakespeare uses his poetic details Chekhov uses these actualities, throwing together item after item, often seemingly incongruous things, weeping, kissing the furniture, calling on memory and God, asking for water, reproaching a man for trimming his beard, in order to convey the fundamental emotion from which they sprang and which they must reveal. Without using any means that might not be perfectly possible and actual, Chekhov contrives to give us the utmost shock and centre of the life he portrays. Shakespeare's scope and power make another discussion; but, though in such diverse regions, this similarity of method between him and Chekhov is full of significance; and it appears unbelievably in the Moscow Art Theatre's interpretation. And out of this modern and realistic art I got something of the same thing that comes off from Shakespeare: the tragic excitement, the vivacity and pathetic beauty, the baffling logic of emotion, the thrill that comes from a sense of truth.

What the visit of the Moscow Art Theatre means to the New York stage seems to be clear enough. It is not that this school or method of production is a new genre; it is in fact what we have had on hand for a generation or more, and tend of late to depart from. It is not that the drama that these players bring with them is in any sense new; Chekhov differs only in depth and technical perfection, not in kind, from Clyde Fitch. It is not that we have seen no acting so good as this on our own stage; in single scenes at least I have seen Jefferson, Pauline Lord, Ben-Ami, David Warfield, Haidee Wright and others do quite as good realistic acting as any of these Russians. It is not that the scenery of the Moscow Art Theatre can teach us anything; in their present state these settings are battered and much mended, and would, I am sure, have been cast off long ago if the company's finances had permitted; and this scenery belongs to the school that we have seen exhausted by producers like Henry Irving and Belasco; and as exact realism or illusion it has, moreover, been infinitely surpassed by such settings as Mr. Hopkins' actual bar-room in the first scene of Anna Christie.

What the Moscow Art Theatre means to our stage—apart from our delight in mere proficiency—is something that is more moral and ethical than aesthetic, in so far as morality can be distinguished from the aesthetic. Chekhov's plays carry realism to an honest and spiritual depth and candor and to a relentless, poignant perfection and truth. These actors can act not only one scene or one play but, through humility and long labor at learning the technique of their art, they are equally competent throughout many parts. They represent a group of sincere artists, created by their art, rich by their intense living in it, and sure of all art's importance and duration. They are artists that have been working together thoroughly and through many years, in an organization, and under a distinguished and sympathetic leader, and for a devoted public. And, most significant of all, they possess a racial or popular life from which they can draw their belief and idea.

STARK YOUNG.

Octave

The wine that we drank was vinegar,
Our bread was heavy as stone,
Yet we sat to eat like friends well met,
Though each rose, anhungered, alone.

Then we fed on the roots of bitterness,
And cracked the nut, despair,
The husk whereof was cunningly wrought,
But the kernel too small to share.

BABETTE DEUTSCH.

Feather and Bells

Once I could walk with love and beauty glowing,
Feather and bells I had, and a wild heart rocking:
Now I hear only doors forever locking,
Now I hear only footsteps going . . . going. . . .

Once I could jest with dreams and laughter, knowing
I dared not know, yet glad for all their mocking:
Now on shut doors I am forever knocking—
Draggled feather and bells and a blind crow crowing.

JOSEPH AUSLANDER.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Hesitating Christians

SIR: It may be true as you say that the Rev. Percy Stickney Grant "wishes to be tried for heresy," a trial "ending probably in a conviction," though that such is the case does not seem clear to me. However I feel convinced that the contest is not as to whether or not Christianity should possess "in the minds of Christians any common meaning" *but* rather as to what should be the content of that common meaning.

From early times there have been bitter contests within the church about technical points of theology. After such a controversy the successful party would compose a formula embodying their side of it and require all to subscribe or leave the Church. This is the origin of most creeds including those to which Bishop Manning wants Dr. Grant to subscribe. Today a large number of theologians in good standing in the church ignore the questions raised in the creeds or "interpret them spiritually" as does Dr. Grant.

I believe it is not too much to say that the great majority of Christians regard Christianity as an ethical religion. For them the common meaning which it must possess if it is to redeem human life is belief in justification through such types of ethical conduct as are exemplified in the Bible and more particularly a dynamic fath in the beauty, power and value of such a life as that of Jesus of Nazareth. Thus a man who settles his own ethical problems by asking himself "What would Jesus do?" is generally regarded as a Christian.

Dr. Grant seems to me to be trying to compel the Episcopalian authorities to state definitely whether in addition they are to require the acceptance of certain dogmas. On the question of marriage and divorce he has expressed a dissenting opinion but has acted in accordance with the dictates of higher authority so far as his own conduct is concerned.

Revising the creeds would be a victory for Dr. Grant's opponents even though he were permitted to write the revision himself; for the question is, "Does a sectarian controversial creed contain the essence of Christianity and is acceptance of such a creed necessary to good standing in the Episcopalian or any other Christian Church?" In other words, "Can a Christian make any Christian Church his church home or must he seek or found a sect based on the intellectual acceptance of a fixed formula subject to periodical revision?"

EDWARD B. DAVIS.

Stamford, Connecticut.

[The great majority of Christians undoubtedly regard Christianity as an ethical religion, but they are just as much divided about the nature and method of Christian ethics as they are about the nature and methods of Christian truth. They hesitate, for instance, between a conception of atonement for wrong-doing which depends essentially on punishment and one which depends essentially on forgiveness and regeneration; and this hesitation is the inevitable result of their hesitation between a conception of God as a supernatural Power who created reassuring facts for the benefit of faint-hearted Christians and a conception of him as a symbol of love and understanding.—THE EDITORS.]

The Historic Christian Church

SIR: Is it possible that the New Republic may be living in its own specially created atmosphere of what is necessary for the cause of truth and the well-being of humanity?

Its recent assumption of repeated challenge to the Church and insistence on what is not Christian, may he a hopeful recognition of, even a spiritual affinity to, the Church's common experience of spiritual progress and insight. You may perhaps, develop a more considerate and sympathetic attitude with the spirit which prevails in an organic, historic Church.

Those of your Church readers, however, who feel with you the perplexities of these modern international problems may still be restrained from complete agreement with your program for the Church by the influence of an historic Christian Church which perpetuates the Christian spirit and motives in ways in
[illegible] your individual opinion, measuring truth by your own
[illegible]al reason at this particular moment, cannot comprehend.
[illegible]hurch preaches Peace—yes—and holds fast the vision.
[illegible]tainly, is its most effective weapon from the Divine
[illegible] better way, perhaps, than to pass resolutions to the Senate demanding the details of a particular program of foreign policy.

The Church, then, must, and can afford, to make sympathetic allowances for your attitude, but is it impossible to hope that you will try to make allowances for the Church and understand its position? LESTER LEAKE RILEY.

Pittsburgh.

An Appeal to Liberalism

SIR: "Rev. Percy Stickney Grant evidently wishes to be tried for heresy" . . . . . "a trial . . . ending probably in conviction" . . . "a contest between those who believe that Christianity can redeem human life without possessing in the minds of Christians any common meaning and those who believe that it cannot." These are your words, published under date of January 31, 1923, and I, a reader of the New Republic since its foundation, ask leave to tell you that they are unworthy of you. It is uncivilized enough for a liberal daily newspaper to give garbled reports of the facts of this case, to run sensational headlines that do not correspond with the news items, to pronounce judgment editorially even before the "heretic" has had time to make his statement. By so much as the New Republic claims to be, and is above such journalistic standards, it is the more unworthy for it to utter such a false and libellous word as that "Percy Grant evidently wishes to be tried for heresy"; or to predict that the trial would probably result in conviction, or to imply that Dr. Grant and the millions of liberals in the churches believe Christianity cannot possess any common meaning. There is no evidence of the truth of any of these intimations. On the contrary.

I am writing this, not as a partisan of Dr. Grant's, though there are reasons for believing in him; nor as an Episcopalian, though I happen to be one; but as a liberal. And I appeal to the New Republic as to a leader of liberals to say whether the liberal fight in politics, in economics and in the fine arts can ever be won if religion is to be fast bound in the grip of the "fundamentalists." You know, "dear man," (as Chad said to Strether) it cannot. And yet that paragraph of yours might have been written—well, I will say it, though it is a terrible thing to say, especially of you—by some *compartmentist.*

The New Republic gives us criticisms in the realm of the fine arts that are distinctly civilizing. In economics and politics it does the best it can, and its best, though sometimes falling short of absolute wisdom and of sorely needed enlightenment, is at least consistent with liberal aims. In theology, permit an admirer to say, you have made an unfortunate slip at a critical time. But it is not too late to make amends.

WALTER L. HERVEY.

New York City.

"I Believe and Affirm"

SIR: Now that things are started, we cannot go back. The Rev. Dr. Buckner has started the ball to rolling by questioning the literal and even inspiration of the Bible from cover to cover; the Rev. Percy Stickney Grant (always the full name, please), has renounced the dogma of the virgin birth; Rabbi Wise finds that the ten commandments were not actually engraved upon tablets of real stone. No doubt, other fearless thinkers will follow. Although not so well known to fame as some of these other men, and not even having had an infant left on my doorstep, their brave example inflames me to say that for myself, after deep study, and after the most painful consideration of the possible effects of my results upon the morality of "the many" not yet accustomed to the full noonlight of modern science and who may kick out of their traces, I solemnly believe and affirm: That the earth is not flat, like a pancake, but round, more like a football; that the sun does not revolve around the earth, but the other way, more like a husband revolving around his wife, who is fixed; and, finally, that the moon is not made of green cheese. I am fully aware of the extent of these innovations, but I am ready, like those other martyrs to truth to take the full consequences, even if it means a heresy trial, or having to endure one of Bishop Manning's letters, with all the nowadays so necessary unpleasantness of newspaper publicity. We give and ask no quarter. May the truth prevail!

Needham, Massachusetts. E. C. WILM.

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Katherine Mansfield

ON the paper jackets of Bliss and The Garden Party was a face that held you a little longer than you meant to be held before the first dip into what people said was a new kind of short story. A dark, delicate face, bent ever so slightly forward, a face sharpened as if by long inquiry, more than humanly fragile, more than humanly alert.

Questions about itself left unanswered by that mysterious head were forgotten with the first story. They were indeed different, these stories; but just how or why it was hard to tell. Perhaps one found in them a partnership of economy and richness that had never before been attained. Other stories had been written with economy, with severity, with a stern eye to essentials, but they had too often been either rugged or emotionally thin; still other stories were richer, suggesting treasures unused; but they had too often been without design. There were short stories in which realler people than hers moved about with more independence of their author, there were many which held one in far intenser depths of feeling than she could, or wanted to command. She was a long way from some splendid tropical tangles of imagination and character one could think of. This was a soil not so savagely fertile as some, to be sure, but intensively cultivated: a continent of various flowers in one garden. Where others took you over mountains and through forests, in worlds measured by nothing less than the length of a cloud's shadow, she could capture the sun and the whole sky in the polished angles of one jewel, and then, spinning it, create a million rainbows.

Events are the flesh and bones of the world, and if we read the world by these outward signs, its spirit escapes us. So Miss Mansfield was concerned with the substance of life, not its pattern. Her difference from others, who have thought theirs to be the same concern, lay in an uncanny sureness for piercing to just the right depth below the obvious. Had she gone deeper, as have others while probing no less earnestly for the secrets of life, she would have come upon the things we cannot yet fully understand, the things about ourselves which are so new and unfamiliar that we have to talk about them in a new language. Miss Mansfield was not, thank God, a "psychologist," than which, when joined to a "novelist" by a thin stream of blood, no more disconcerting literary Siamese twin exists today. She was, on the other hand, a much more gifted psychologist than most of the creatures who answer to the name, but her knowledge was innate rather than acquired. There was something aboriginal about it. In the wilderness of human beings which most of us spend our lives exploring without ever becoming expert beyond an ability to distinguish trees from flowers, she was a native, an Indian who could read all the little myriad signposts and tell the weather by the bend of a blade of grass.

She knew that when people marry or make money or die, very little may really be happening to them, and in her stories these and other important events happen seldom and are never at the centre of the stage. For such events are but the pattern, and if we listen to them we are as often as not listening to a lie. The truth is in minutes rather than years, in the emotion not of a day but of a second, in the chill or the warmth of a sudden mood, in the tunes played on the mind by anything, by nothing at all; and there is no more truth, indeed rather less, in your dramatic river, with its floods, foams and cataracts, than in the smallest brook tinkling narrowly in miniature.

She knew the infinite price of trifles. In Bliss there is a story called The Wind Blows, in which nothing happens at all, and yet in which everything seems to happen. A rare thing, better praised by silence than by any attempts here to make plain the undescribable, but about which, if one chose to make the attempt, it could be said that it gathers into a few pages all the restless homesickness of man on his planet, the unbearable pressure of elements which made someone cry out, long ago, "For I am a stranger here, and a sojourner, as all my fathers were." And yet the whole story was made of no more than little pieces of nothing, little gusts of wind, so that one no longer remembers what really occurred in it.

One remembers the feelings Miss Mansfield's characters had, if not what happened to them. The picture of those moods, and small joys, and small griefs—which can be just as poignant as greater griefs and joys—remains, even if the frame has vanished. One feels with her characters, on the whole, and respects them. Occasionally one takes sides with them unconsciously against their author, who in her earlier stories seemed often to have laid life for them as one vast trap. She knew all the time what was going to happen to them, and the knowledge that the trap would spring and crush them did not stay her hand nor cause it to tremble for a second. It was not a trap in the ordinary short story sense at all, but a vast iron-jawed certainty, in you, or in the characters, that life had defeated them, that they were small and vulnerable. In some of the stories pity seemed to be entirely missing. A mind was at work which knew so completely all about the characters it drew and about what was in store for them that it seemed sometimes cruel, and often cool.

This was true of a few stories, chiefly the earlier ones. In her last volume, and in those masterly tales published lately in the London Nation, one learned that she was far from cruel. The Fly is as wholly unsentimental and unsparing a study as may be, yet nothing so much inspires and animates it as a desire to understand its subject. (In the case of Miss Mansfield's earlier work, one was often tempted to say "victim" instead of "subject.") Through a desire, joined to the rarest capabilities, for understanding, she attained knowledge of some of those secrets about human beings which lie beyond judgment.

Secrets. One turns again involuntarily to the face on the jacket of those two books, and sees in it how unboastful a treasury of secrets. She made something of the same impression, apparently, on people who knew her; Mr. Tomlinson, describing (in the London Nation) her "serene and direct scrutiny" tells us it was "direct, but not challenging; it seemed to have no purpose, but to rest, a little tired, with impartial and impassive interest, on your secrets, while you talked of something else."

Out of the hard raw earth she was cutting, more and more ably, her small polished precious stones, combining, in their many delicate facets, earth's substance and the light of the sun.

There is no knowing how far this talent, now so unhappily extinguished, might have gone. It was the kind of talent which does not feed upon and exhaust itself, but which is so remarkable an instrument for refining, or weaving the varied raw material of reality into a finished product so fine that "reality" is too crude a word of praise for it. She taught us, once again, what we are always forgetting: that literature succeeds not by being a transcript of life, but by becoming something es different from it.

ROBERT L

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Respectable History

The McKinley and Roosevelt Administrations, 1897-1909, by James Ford Rhodes. New York: The Macmillan Company. $4.00.

"IN the consensus of learned people, Thucydides and Tacitus stand at the head of historians. . . . Thucydides and Tacitus are superior to the historians who have written in our century, because, by long reflection and studious method, they have better digested their materials and compressed their narrative." Thus spoke (on December 27, 1899) the President of the American Historical Association, a man who fifteen years earlier had retired from active business as an Ohio ironmaster, and who by devotion to literary effort in the field of history had secured for himself the highest formal honor within the reach of an American historian. Such views on historiography and such a professional achievement must evoke no little curiosity as to the personality and training involved.

James Ford Rhodes was born in Cleveland in 1848. After an incomplete collegiate education in this country, he went to Europe and secured intensive technical training, particularly in metallurgy, together with some little experience in journalism. Returning to the United States he entered his father's iron manufacturing business, amassed a comfortable fortune by 1885, retired and applied himself to the production of the most ambitious history of our country since 1850 which has yet appeared. While Thucydides and Tacitus were his models as to style and content, he possessed that personal knowledge of public men and affairs which Polybius had insisted was the chief prerequisite of the successful historian, and he followed the precedent of Sallust in utilizing his pecuniary means to secure competent research assistance. With the efficient aid of men like D. M. Matteson he brought out his seven impressive volumes on the History of the United States, 1850-1877, between 1893 and 1906. There the work rested. In the preface to Volume VI he justified in the following manner his intention to end his work with the year 1877:

> With the subsidence of the Southern issue, other social questions have arisen, the inception of which, or the progress of which may well be studied from 1877 on. To write purely a narrative history from 1871 to 1885 or to 1897 would be to shirk a duty and to miss the significance of the period; and, for attacking the social questions involved, I feel as yet a lack of basic knowledge. Nineteen years' almost exclusive devotion to the study of one period of American history has had the tendency to narrow my field of vision.

Then he may have remembered what so many other admirers of Thucydides and Tacitus seem never to have comprehended, namely, that both wrote almost solely of their own generation. At any rate, he gained fresh courage, and, after a long interval of thirteen years, a survey of the period from Hayes to Cleveland appeared in 1919. As Professor Beard pointed out in a brilliant review (New Republic, December 17, 1919), there was no evidence that Mr. Rhodes had remedied his lack of "basic knowledge" of social and economic history or that his "field of vision" had become any less narrow. Three years later the narrative has been continued through Roosevelt's administrations. Many will hope that the distinguished author will be spared to complete his story through the period of the World War.

Mr. Rhodes was equipped for his ambitious task with unquestionable integrity and honesty of purpose, a powerful intellect, dignity of expression, and, especially in his latter volumes, an extensive personal knowledge of the events and figures described. As compared with contemporary academic historians, who had been prepared in the seminars of Ranke, Droysen, Waitz and Monod, or in the Ecole des Chartes, Mr. Rhodes was almost completely defective in the matter of severe training in historical methodology, and seriously lacking in his mastery of the general literature of historiography. No man possessing a thorough acquaintance with the development of historical writing could well have prepared the above mentioned presidential address.

As to content and method Mr. Rhodes, like Henry Adams, his distinguished contemporary, followed the precedent of the great literary and episodical historians in treating chiefly of public events—political campaigns, congressional crises, military strategy and diplomatic manoeuvres—all interpreted as the outcome of the activity of highly individualized and unique personal agents very imperfectly and inadequately placed in their economic and social background. His advance over the earlier literary and nationalistic historians lay in the greater degree of objectivity and the relative lack of national, sectional or partisan bias which characterized his history. While political history, it was chiefly biographical, episodical and anecdotal rather than the institutional political history, such as is to be found in Professor Osgood's work on the colonial period, and which marks the highest possible development of purely political history. Further, there is no evidence that Mr. Rhodes ever thoroughly grasped the real significance of American history since 1850, and particularly since 1865. The sweeping economic transformation, which completely revolutionalized American civilization during the period which he has made his own, is nowhere clearly presented in his work. In general, his figures might well have functioned in any preceding age of American or universal history. Neither by a dramatic type of descriptive social history, as with McMaster, Oberholtzer and Paxson, nor by a more penetrating economic and sociological analysis, as with Beard, Turner, Dewey, Lingley and others, does Mr. Rhodes synthesize or interpret the evolution of American society and culture in the last three-quarters of a century.

Mr. Rhodes has acquired a marked reputation for impartiality, but this is an impartiality only with respect to controverted partisan and sectional issues, and was built up chiefly because of the fact that he was the first important Northern historian of the period of Civil War and Reconstruction who dealt fairly with the South, and indicated the excesses of the Abolitionists and the so-called congressional "Radicals." Some critics have suggested that even this type of impartiality is not as evident in Mr. Rhodes's later volumes as in the earlier part of his work, his point of view having been gradually adjusted to his Cambridge (Massachusetts) environment. Yet, the most important issues of the period since 1865 were not connected with the military or political aspects of the Civil War and its aftermath, but were economic and social. In this range of problems Mr. Rhodes cannot be said to be impartial. His work has been constructed on the basis of as definite an economic philosophy and as fixed a set of social pre-conceptions as Gustavus Myers's History of the Supreme Court or A. M. Simons's Social Forces

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American History. Mr. Rhodes writes from the standpoint of a Cleveland Democrat, with the social philosophy of Herbert Spencer and William Graham Sumner, and the economic doctrines of Cobden. He apparently believes with Henry Cabot Lodge in the efficacy of "natural forces" in the solution of modern economic and social problems. This outlook, in at least a sub-conscious manner, colors all his judgments on such matters, and, to no small extent, has determined his selection of material. Further, impartiality is not objectivity. Mr. Rhodes is not objective, but apparently holds with Tacitus that an important function of the historian is to pass severe moral judgments upon his characters.

The present volume does not differ in any important way from its predecessors, unless it be that for these years Mr. Rhodes's own personal acquaintanceships and contacts furnish an even more interesting and substantial basis for his narrative and estimates than could well be the case in regard to most of the earlier volumes. It furnishes something of a thrill to realize that one is reading a history written by the brother-in-law and business partner of the man who made McKinley president and did his best to prevent Roosevelt from being nominated for vice-president. National politics, military campaigns and diplomatic problems and achievements occupy at least three-quarters of the space. The remainder is taken up chiefly with estimates of leading personalities. In his choice of prominent characters there is little to mar the aesthetic symmetry of the most eminent respectability. Mark Hanna, McKinley, Hay, Roosevelt, Root, Lodge, Taft, J. P. Morgan, John D. Rockefeller and Andrew Carnegie are "the giants who moved in the land." There is no attempt to portray the Bryan of 1896 and 1900 as the leader of a great section of American opinion and aspiration; La Follette is not once referred to in the volume; the "Muckrakers" appear only indirectly in a speech by Roosevelt condemning their activities and methods; and one has a sure intuition that it would be futile to consult the index for Debs. Lockner vs. New York, probably a more important case than that of Dred Scott, is not mentioned. In Mr. Rhodes's estimates of personalities there is a ponderous seriousness and an air of finality which leads the reader to suspect that he not only believes that historians of a century hence will turn to his pages for the definitive characterization of these individuals, but that he is also certain that St. Peter will rely to no small degree upon these judgments at the "Great Assize."

The reader gets from the volume little or no inkling of the tremendous economic and social conflict that was smoldering and preparing from 1895 to 1908. Even the secondary political reflections of this impending struggle are not adequately indicated. The weaknesses of the work in these respects can best be understood by comparing it with the remarkable account in Beard's Contemporary American History. The startling economic abuses which Roosevelt recognized and endeavored at least partially to arrest are minimized or omitted, and the "malefactors of great wealth" appear in immaculate dress in the midst of books, libraries and art museums, and we have oft-reiterated assurance of their uprightness, moral soundness and conspicuous public-spiritedness. As to Roosevelt, while most progressive historians have come to agree with Professor Morison that "as his administration recedes into history, one finds that it produced more noise than results," Mr. Rhodes's estimate of his policies one gets, even if gently suggested, the picture of the man who initiated "the raid on prosperity." How far Mr. Rhodes's intimacy with Hanna is responsible for this it is impossible to say. In discussing even the timid effort to extend governmental power in the Hepburn Rate Act of 1906, Mr. Rhodes rises to almost dithyrambic praise of one of the most anachronistic speeches of Henry Cabot Lodge, in which the Senator from Massachusetts expressed himself as thoroughly in accord with the Spencerian philosophy as to the potency of "natural forces" to solve our economic problems, and easily divined the diabolic origin of the rate-fixing proposal, to say nothing of government ownership. It is evident that Mr. Rhodes has not been greatly affected by the estimates of E. G. Lowry or the Mirrors of Washington in framing his characterization of Mr. Lodge.

At the same time, the book is not without its excellent qualities. Mr. Rhodes has made good use of Croly's Mark Hanna to dispel the persistent tradition that this gentleman was an unspeakable corruptionist. Doubtless, the fact that he was his brother-in-law does not make Mr. Rhodes any less happy to accept this rather favorable estimate of the qualities of Marcus Alonzo. His summaries of the achievements, and his estimates of the characters of, the leading capitalists, while obviously partisan, are valuable as a corrective of the equally one-sided picture drawn by the "Muckrakers." The chapters on diplomatic history are particularly full and judicious, though even here there is no presentation of the deeper forces and currents which one finds so admirably analyzed in Weyl's American World Policies. Still, Mr. Rhodes does not attempt to whitewash questionable American acts and policies. He reveals McKinley's weakness and duplicity in concealing the Spanish reply to the American ultimatum, and concludes that "we may rest assured that if Mark Hanna had been President there would have been no war with Spain." While sharing the normal American pride with respect to the Panama Canal, he concludes that "Roosevelt had better have exerted the virtue of patience." The high light of humor in the book, while probably unconscious on the part of both Mr. Rhodes and McKinley, is to be found in the description of the specific expression of the will and desires of the Almighty upon American colonial policy, as revealed to President McKinley in his hesitation over the disposition of the Philippines:

> ". . . I walked the floor of the White House night after night until midnight; and I am not ashamed to tell you, gentlemen, that I went down on my knees and prayed Almighty God for light and guidance more than one night. And one night late it came to me this way—I don't know how it was, but it came: (1) that we could not give them back to Spain—that would be cowardly and dishonorable; (2) that we could not turn them over to France or Germany—our commercial rivals in the Orient—that would be bad business and discreditable; (3) that we could not leave them to themselves—they were unfit for self-government—and they would soon have anarchy and misrule over there worse than Spain's war; (4) that there was nothing left for us to do but to take them all, and to educate the Filipinos, and uplift and civilize and christianize them, and by God's grace do the very best we could by them as our fellow-men for whom Christ also died. And then I went to bed, and went to sleep and slept soundly.

In conclusion, aside from a lack of a distinguished style, it may safely be held that traditional and respectable history is not likely to advance far beyond the standards set by Mr. Rhodes. Though we may not approve of its

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premises or results to the full, Americans may well be proud of the fact that they have had a James Ford Rhodes, and that in 1885 he decided to turn aside from a possible emulation of H. C. Frick or Mark Hanna into the cultivation of the history of the period almost exactly synchronous with the limits of his own life. No man has lived through a more interesting age, and if Mr. Rhodes has largely failed to see it in its proper perspective and to grasp its major contributions, he has at least given us valuable descriptions of striking personalities, dramatic crises and interesting episodes.

HARRY ELMER BARNES.

My Country 'Twas of Thee

Americanism: A World Menace, by W. T. Colyer. London: The Labour Publishing Company. 6s.

MR. COLYER is an Englishman who lived in this country seven years. He taught school in Wellesley, Massachusetts. Then, not because he attempted revolution, but because he was a Communist, the courts of Massachusetts ordered him deported. This book takes his place. It is neither the tissue of lies which the chance bitter-ender would be sure to brand it, if he read it, nor the revelation of blinding truth which it will seem to some of Mr. Colyer's colleagues in Communism. It is something more familiar still: the recurrent spectacle of the righteous man destroying himself in his own anger.

The theme which Mr. Colyer sets out to develop ought to be good reading for those of us who have made "Americanism" a religion, and certainly regard it as anything but a "world menace." The chief points in our credo, as Mr. Colyer found it, are these four:

1. An overweening pride of race, based on the material development of the country—achieved largely through the ability and industry of "foreigners." Known locally as patriotism.

2. The establishment of dollar-producing or dollar-collecting as an absolute standard of value, covering every form of intellectual and spiritual achievement. Known locally as "practical idealism" based on "equality of opportunity."

3. Glorification of "democracy" as an abstract idea, divorced from practical control by the rank and file. Known locally as "the union of efficiency and democracy under sane leadership."

4. General lawlessness and contempt for orderly procedure. Known locally as law and order.

All this provides Mr. Colyer with an excellent text for an attempt at realistic interpretation; but he promptly drops it, to go in for generalization. He does not succeed in analyzing the cross-currents of psychological and economic forces behind such things as Ku Klux Klans, gang politics and soulless standardization; once started, he indicts a nation. We are wallowing, he thinks, "in a condition of besotted ignorance and spiritual degradation unique among civilized nations." That applies not to individuals or groups, but to "the people of the United States." We are "hypocritical," "imperialistic" and "ignoble." Mr. Colyer scatters his generalities with the free hand of George W. Babbitt toasting the Rotarians. So fractional does he regard the minority exempt from such sweeping charges that "no individuals can be mentioned, no groups indicated—for to name any would but increase the perils and difficulties under which they carry on their work." The work, that is, of thwarting a world menace.

There are all sorts of menaces. And it must be said that one of them, becoming more and more popular, is the menace of writing about menaces. There is the menace of irreligion, of modern dancing, Sovietism, sectionalism, nationalism, internationalism, over-population, under-population, falling prices, rising tides of color. Many of them are portrayed with a high degree of sincerity on the part of their discoverer—and some of them are real. But most of them are stylized. A certain "menace pattern" is gradually evolving. And Mr. Colyer's book is more interesting as a sample of that, once he begins hunting heads, than for anything it says about America.

For Mr. Colyer lets himself be forced into the position of a reporter who must find points to validate a thesis. He refers, for instance, to the American army. He is entitled to point out that we deserve no credit for the geographical isolation that permits us to get along without a great military establishment: but if he were free to observe facts and not prove a case, Mr. Colyer would be interested in the steady opposition with which this country has fought the cultivation of the army spirit, through any system of universal training. That, however, would not help him in his thesis. For he is engaged at this point in proving that we are a militaristic people. And faced with the problem of making us militarists without an army, he says of our military establishment that it is "distinguished chiefly for its potential size." That is a poor way of cataloguing facts. What our army is chiefly distinguished for is the fact that despite the pressure of our militarists we have kept it small.

Instances of special pleading are typical both of Mr. Colyer's book and of the school that fathers it. With them goes a certain over-simplification of motive. That, too, is characteristic of the menace school. Its prophets are not content with peril where they find it; they must find it where they want it. They ignore the twenty different threads of confused motives behind anything that happens —and interpret the event to fit the thesis they are proving. In a Bengal riot they may behold a hot flare of religious passion, though the chief cause of it may have been a lack of rain. They are continually oversimplifying, in their haste to draw conclusions. And Mr. Colyer, with so much to prove, oversimplifies in every chapter. He is attempting to show, for example, how it is always "big business" that pulls the strings. In America, he says, big business "made up it mind" that "a teetotal working-class would be more docile and profitable to exploit than a working-class of topers, and so instructed its political creatures." What happened? "A prohibition amendment was rushed through in much less than fifty months, to the amazement of a bitterly hostile electorate." That will be news to Kansas.

Application of the formula, in this case, is to concentrate attention on that faction of "big business" (far from unanimous) which backed the prohibition movement—and ignore the host of Kansas farmers, Ohio grocers and Indiana "women's clubs" who fought like Trojans to get prohibition long before "big business" ever took it up. Add, then, a conventional phrase about "bitterly hostile electorate"—though forty-five state legislatures thought they voted with their ears close to the ground—and you have the desired portrait of "big business" cracking its whip as columns of its slaves march by.

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To all this, finally, Mr. Colyer adds an ability to box off the world in non-porous, thought-proof sections. This America of ours, no doubt, is caught in the cogs of "standardization"; but so are Britain and New Zealand—and so, shortly, will be British India. We are governed by an oligarchy; but so, in an age in which the machinery of political decentralization lags behind the centripetal forces of economic union, are most other modern institutions—with Communist Russia ranking well up in the lead. Nine tenths of the charges Mr. Colyer brings against America are indictments of modern industrialism as a whole. We neither invented that industrialism, nor do we alone among the Western nations practise it. And if we disappeared from the face of the earth tomorrow, and took with us that industrial leadership which our vast resources have given us, the march of industrialism would proceed as steadily as ever to its triumph or its doom.

Mr. Colyer's book is not a searching study of America. But it is an excellent illustration of one school of militant evangelism, employing the same technique regardless of the point of view from which it launches its attack.

CHARLES MERZ.

Last Poems

Last Poems, by A. E. Housman. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $1.50.

NO one, I think, could expect anything new in a new book by A. E. Housman. An exquisite and self-conscious pessimism, such as his, is the last refinement of poetry. Once achieved, it is changeless. It sees the finger at the lips of joy, and looks beyond the flower to the fruit, and beyond that to dissolution. It has stripped the world of all the illusions which support life; but it is poignant and healthy in proportion to its love for those illusions.

After Mr. Housman had written A Shropshire Lad there was nothing left in the world for him to do. In its blundering way, the world seemed to know it; he became a minor classic. To the critic the Shropshire Lad was soon a closed book, as much as any book in a spoken tongue is ever closed to criticism. Now Mr. Housman has himself opened the book and slipped between its covers, quietly and with a deprecatory gesture, half a hundred more poems. But it is the same book, unchanged in any way, for such poetry is not measured by bulk. It is irrelevant to say that this latter half of his book contains no poem so nearly perfect as To an Athlete Dying Young, and few lines like

> And overhead the aspen heaves
> His rainy-sounding silver leaves.

It would be irrelevant to do anything at all but read the book, were it not for those apostles of progress in literature who are already calling Last Poems an echo of the Shropshire Lad, and accusing the author of weeping through forty-one poems over the mortality of mortals.

Let us admit that the addition of forty-one poems to the original fifty-three accentuates Mr. Housman's narrowness of subject matter as well as his singleness of purpose. There are many poems in the new volume that might be called alternate versions of poems in the Shropshire Lad. Moreover, his technique, being an amazingly delicate instrument with few strings, is less novel in a hundred poems than in half that number.

It may not be strictly true that the single poem is the unit by which a poet should be judged, but certainly the adventurous facility of our younger poets has led us to pay more attention to an author's work as a whole than to the few best examples of that work. Mr. Housman suffers by such scrutiny.

Apparently it requires many platitudes to defend Mr. Housman. All his poems are based on one formula: life is as short as it is vivid; its end as inevitable as its beauty. This platitude is written large on the face of Shropshire, where the lass is wooed on the grave of her dead lover, where the young man dares not look too long at the sunset over Wales, and where the better of two lads is hanged and the other turns gladly to friends who still face the daylight. Life goes like this, not only by Bredon Hill and Wenlock Edge, but the world over. Stated thus, it is a platitude to smile at, but it is the formula on which much of the finest poetry has been written, and it is as compelling a theme today as when it ran dark and insistent under the eager tissue of Elizabethan literature.

Only he, of course, who has a great zest for life can be a great pessimist. If we ask for only a little, we are apt to get it and be satisfied; and then we rail at those who find life less than their dreams of life. The measure of Mr. Housman's avidity is to be found as much in his technique as in his subject. His reverence for beauty leads as surely to a delicate and consistent economy of phrase and cadence, as it does to an occasionally brutal statement of the inadequacy of existence. In this respect he differs widely from Swinburne, with his monotonous prodigality, under which his lamentations become a mood and then a disease. It is significant that Mr. Housman's metrical range is very limited, while within his few conventional patterns he is so discriminating of values as to achieve surprising variations of effect. Neither Marvell nor Herrick, nor any other seventeenth century poet, was more exquisite in his use of the tetrameter couplet and quatrain.

I have digressed from pessimism, an attitude toward life, to the handling of syllables and lines. The connection is not obvious, but it is sound. Mr. Housman's desire for perfection is balked in all directions but one. It recoils upon itself from all corners of normal human activity, giving us his frankly unconstructive pessimism. But in the ordering of words to express this pessimism, there is no barrier to his desire, and he gives us such lines as these:

> So set, before its echoes fade,
> The fleet foot on the sill of shade,
> And hold to the low lintel up
> The still-defended challenge-cup.
>
> And round that early-laurelled head
> Will flock to gaze the strengthless dead,
> And find unwithered on its curls
> The garland briefer than a girl's.

I take these lines from the Shropshire Lad, because I think they excel, in delicacy of tracing, any eight lines in the later book. And as I have already said, the books are one.

I hope that little will be said about Last Poems. It is not food for the multitude, and the less attention there is drawn to it now, the less irrelevant foolishness will be uttered. Mr. Housman is already the priceless possession of a relatively small body of readers. He can never be anything more, or anything less than that.

WILLIAM A. NORRIS.

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The Philosophy of Humanism

The Philosophy of Humanism, and of Other Subjects, by Viscount Haldane. London: John Murray. 12s.

TO have had a big, and by no means easy, book on the philosophical aspects of relativity pass through three editions in a single year, was an achievement. To have followed it up within twelve months by the present volume, which gives a general restatement of Lord Haldane's philosophy, with special emphasis on its bearing on relativity and other recent scientific theories, was another achievement. But in the opinion of many it will be reckoned Lord Haldane's greatest achievement to have elicited an appreciative review from so formidable and ruthless an opponent of all his philosophical views as Mr. Bertrand Russell. This is a real tribute to the intellectual quality of a book with the argument of which most scientists and not a few philosophers will have little sympathy.

"Humanism" is Lord Haldane's name for the particular form of modernized Hegelianism (with roots in Aristotle, on the one hand, and Goethe, on the other) which he has developed. He claims that it is not so much a kind of Idealism, as a "transformation of Realism." Most Realists will indignantly protest that all they understand by "Realism" has been transformed away in a theory the fundamental principles of which are such as these: "What we know even most directly seems . . . to have neither meaning nor reality apart from being an object for the subject in knowledge." Again, "In the universe the knowledge for which that universe is there must be recognized as the primary fact." And, yet again, "Existence is nothing for us apart from its meaning, and meaning belongs to existence only as known." This position is precisely the opposite of that of all Realists who, in direct contradiction to Lord Haldane, maintain that Being comes before, and is independent of Knowing both in fact and in logic.

Yet, in a sense Lord Haldane is a Realist—in the sense, namely, in which everyone is a Realist who is concerned with determining the real nature of what exists. And when he calls himself a transformed Realist this simply means that he maintains an Idealistic version of the real nature of what exists. But it is worth noticing that his Idealism has two sides of which one is vastly more plausible than the other. For Lord Haldane the principle that "knowledge is foundational" means (a) that to exist is to be apprehended by a mind, and it means also (b) "that in all knowledge the object is determined, in its significance as real, by the conceptions which mind brings to bear in interpreting and giving it meaning." In this second thesis (b), the concern of knowledge, clearly, is with the answer to the question, What is the nature, the "real" nature, of the object? And the implication is that this real nature is not simply given, but has to be discovered, as in all the sciences, by elaborate processes of intellectual analysis and synthesis. Thinking, hard thinking, is what we need if the real nature of the object is to be revealed to us. If this is what Lord Haldane means when he talks of conceptions brought to bear by the mind, we shall all agree. But we shall enter a caveat against the implication that these conceptions are forced upon the object without any foundation in its own nature, or that they are in any sense arbitrary or artificial inventions—tricks or habits, as it were, of the particular kind of mind possessed by the human species. Subject to this proviso, we can understand the generalized sense in which Lord Haldane speaks of the object as "relative" to mind. If one biologist applies to living beings "mechanical," i. e., physico-chemical, concepts whilst another applies "vitalistic" concepts, we have a relativity which exhibits some analogy to the relativity involved in the different points of view, or perspectives, from which different observers perceive the "same" object. Whether this is quite what Einstein means by relativity, may be questioned. At any rate, Einstein's theory appears to connect the differences between what different observers perceive with the positions and motions of their bodies relatively to the positions and motions of the phenomena observed, and to state the laws of nature by means of tensors in such a way that they are identical for all points of view of all possible observers. From this it is a far cry to relativity in Lord Haldane's sense—diluted from Hegel's Logic—of a system, and even a hierarchy, of concepts which between them determine the real nature of the universe.

The other thesis, (a) above, in Lord Haldane's position, which concerns, not the nature of the object, but its existence, is much more questionable, nor does Lord Haldane argue it out on its merits. If, with Berkeley, we reduce a physical object to a collection of colors, sounds, tastes, etc., it is not utterly paradoxical to say that an object, so conceived, exists only when it is perceived. For something like this is what even scientists will say of colors (as distinct from ether-waves), sounds (as distinct from air-waves), and so on. But Lord Haldane, whatever else he may be, is not a Berkeleyan. And, thus, the dependence of existence on knowledge remains obscure.

Still, Lord Haldane's book is a most interesting contribution to current philosophical literature—rich in learning, in outlook broad and serene, in criticism urbane and sympathetic. Like most of the great English thinkers, he is a man of affairs as well as a philosopher, and each side of his life has enriched the other.

R. F. Alfred Hoernlé.

The Index for Volume XXXIII, which was completed with our issue No. 429, has been printed separately. It will be mailed on request, post free, to any subscriber who will send his name and address on a post card directed to the New Republic, 421 West 21st Street, New York City.

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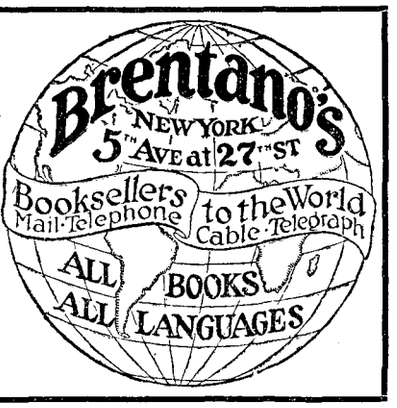

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